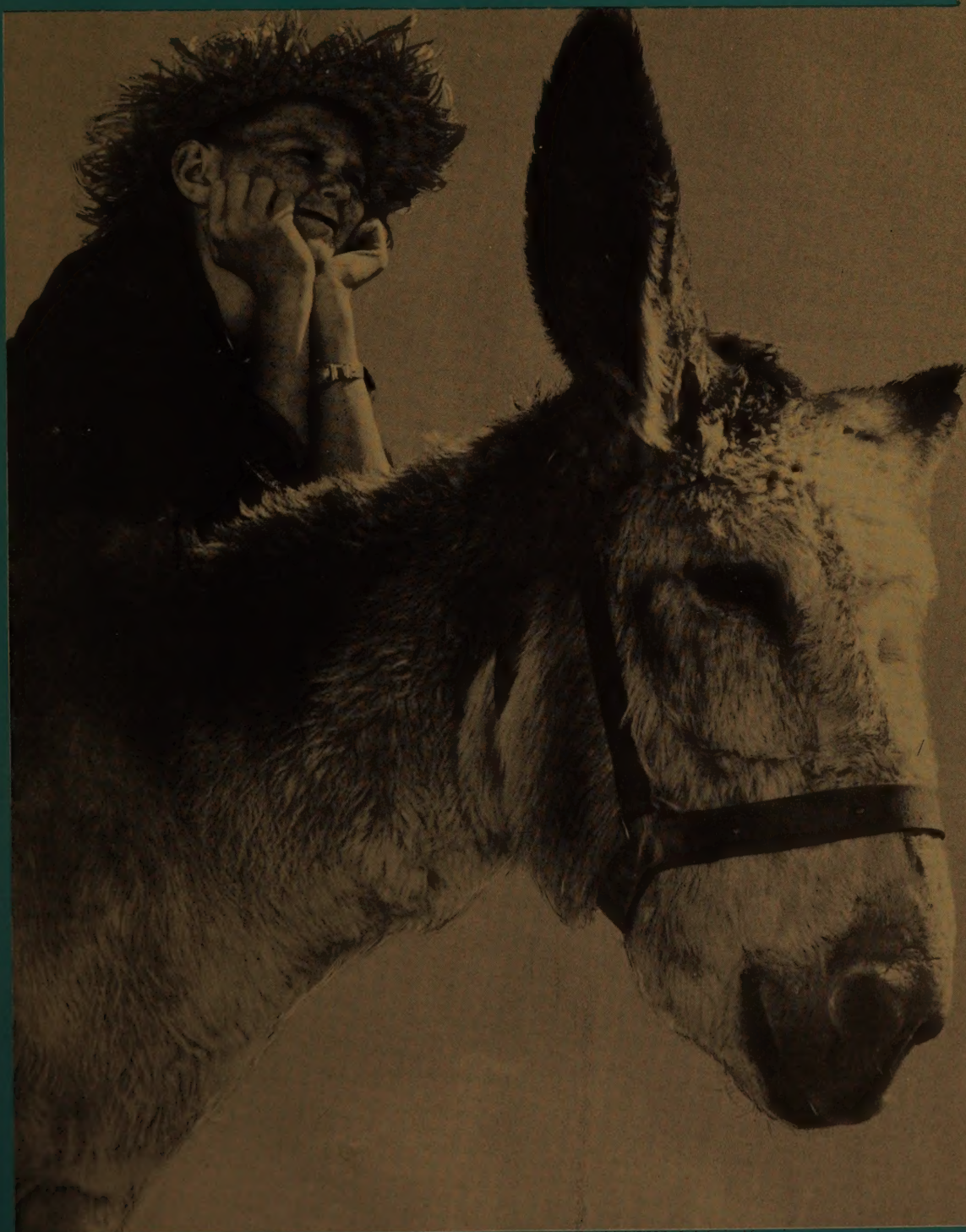


The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone
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- **Vacation Opportunities for Worship—*Adelaide Blanton***
- **Why Not a Prayer Break?—*Mary S. Thomas***

JUNE, 1958 - 25c

The *H* Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Not Always as They Seem

Seeing is believing, says an old adage. But not so, say I! Sometimes many unusual looking occurrences have a perfectly normal and logical explanation.

Have you ever been guilty of seeing situations, jumping to hasty conclusions, and repeating such choice items as these? "Did you know that that wild Bronson girl didn't get home until three o'clock this morning?" (Her escort's car had broken down; and she had phoned to tell her folks that she would be late.) "Mr. Smith has been running around with some blond. And I'll bet that his poor wife doesn't even suspect. I always said that he was a philanderer." (Mr. Smith, who is, in truth, a fine family man, was having a respectable lunch one day with a department store buyer, who was helping him to select a wardrobe for his wife as a birthday gift.)

Hasty conclusions, followed by gossip, can result in such tragedies as ruined reputations and even broken homes. Remember that things are not always as they seem. Those old orbs of yours do play tricks.

What's Here? People traveling on summer vacations often feel that they are also on a vacation from church attendance. They do not realize that there is a time for extensive spiritual growth. Adelaide Blanton has a very fine article for us entitled "Vacation Opportunities for Worship," which is practically a roadmap of interesting churches throughout the country. Be sure to read it!

Working people usually look forward to the midmorning coffee break, when they can relax and chat amiably with co-workers. The housewife does not have an opportunity to refresh herself in such a manner. But she can still take a "prayer break," to meditate and talk quietly with God. Mary S. Thomas, in her article, "Why Not a Prayer Break?" tells the housewife how she can manage to have this period of meditation in the midst of a busy day.

Soon it will be summer; and you have a glorious two weeks' vacation coming up. That is, it would be glorious, if you and your family could afford to take a nice little trip. But the household coffer reveals a paucity of cash. So a vacation trip is out of the question, you fear. Cheer up! If you're the type who can get along for a spell without telephones, TV, and a Morris chair, family camping is the economical answer to your problem. Paul C. Howle has written an article entitled "Family Camping," based on his family's own camping experience. If such a vacation interests you, you'll want to read Mr. Howle's article.

What's Coming? Look for "Do Your Words!" "The Price of a Nickel"; "How Big Is Your Bible?"

Till next month,

S. W.

Vacation Opportunities for Worship

by Adelaide Blanton

There are many churches throughout the country where you can refresh yourself spiritually while away from home.

God's great out of doors is thought of as the perfect setting for real worship of our Creator, where one can look up into the sky and see billowy clouds, or gaze at the towering strength of mountains, or marvel at the sight of beautiful lakes at sunset time.

But God is not confined only to the out of doors among his gardens and creations. A short time ago, when my husband and I were traveling through Florida, we stopped for dinner at a restaurant. While we were eating our meal, a group of travelers came in, apparently a family gathering. Among them was one little girl about six or seven years of age. The waiter combined two tables so that they could all be seated together. Our table was next to theirs; and I could not help noticing and admiring the child as she observed all the interesting things in the restaurant and chatted about them with her folks. When the waitresses brought their food and it was placed on the table, the gentleman at the head of the table said, "Ah! this sure looks good," and started to partake of his salad. The little girl looked at him with surprise and exclaimed,

"Wait, Uncle John, we haven't thanked God yet." She glanced at her mother and asked, "Whose time is it to say grace, Mother?"

"I believe it is yours, dear," her mother replied.

They all bowed their heads, and the child repeated a beautiful little prayer. The waitresses paused in amazement. A few guests at nearby tables ceased conversation and looked at each other.

We remembered that we had silently thanked God for our food; but the child had worshiped God audibly with her thanksgiving. A scripture quotation came to me: "And a little child shall lead them."

Vacationers travel in all directions, north, east, south, and west, and cover almost every section of the United States and surrounding territory. Each section of the country has its own individual attrac-

tion, whether it is the beauty of nature or the marvels of man-made attractions. Many places are an inspiration to visit, as well as an education. Some are widely advertised, and others are seldom mentioned.

During our vacations over the past twenty-five years, my husband and I have traveled over most of the United States. We have always found a place to worship on the Lord's Day. We have always aimed at some church or building where others would be worshipping, although we have camped upon the peaks of mountains in Oregon and used the tall, whispering pines as our cathedral, carpeted with fallen pine-needles. Logs from fallen trees became our pews. Such a setting gave us a nearness to God, as we worshiped and offered our thanksgiving to him.

All up and down the West Coast we found many beautiful and inspiring churches. The Old Spanish missions were fascinating. In the redwood forest in northern California there is a church right on the highway that is called Cathedral in the Redwoods, which is a favorite place for tourists to visit.

Another favorite church for vacationers is the all-glass church just a few miles south of Los Angeles. Frank Lloyd Wright, the famous American architect, planned and built this church, using plate glass for the roof and four walls. Redwood supports were used for the framework, retaining the Gothic outline. He planted ivy and ferns inside the church at the base of the walls to achieve the effect of natural beauty. This unique church is Swedenborgian, and is open every day to visitors and tourists.

The great Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City attracts thousands of tourists every year. The tabernacle seats seven thousand people and has a wonderful choir of over three hundred voices. This choir has a Sunday morning radio broadcast over the CBS network, and is one of the oldest coast-to-coast non-commercial programs on the air. The Mormons claim

that their choir is a free-will offering to the people of America.

Some of our national parks have interesting churches and shelters where worship services may be held. A log cabin chapel is located at the Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming, just south of Yellowstone Park. Behind the altar of this little log chapel there is a picture window where one can look out upon Grand Teton, which is one of the highest points in the Rocky Mountain region. This peak is over 13,000 feet above sea level.

Anyone vacationing in Wisconsin will receive inspiration by visiting the American Baptist Assembly grounds at Green Lake, Wisconsin. The grounds and buildings are beautiful; and the place has been consecrated to Christian use as a conference assembly. In the midst of this converted Lawson estate, there stands a tower with a small round prayer room. The tower had originally been a silo. By the entrance door there is a large key, and a sign which reads,

Take in the key beside the stair,
If you would be alone in prayer;
So others coming then will know,
And wait in quietness below.

I have visited this prayer room three different years, and each time have received a special blessing.

Bok Tower, located near Lake Wales, Florida, is 205 feet tall and is built of many colored stones.



Never before have I entered any place or any church that seemed so sacred. The room is simply but neatly furnished. A large Bible lies open upon a table, and two small testaments are upon an altar. A beautiful picture of Christ hung on the wall before me as I knelt at the sacred altar and re-dedicated my life to God. I left with a prayer upon my heart, "May God bless others who in the future may be privileged to visit this prayer room."

People who enjoy worshipping in large churches will find the largest in the United States in New York City. It is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Only one church in the world exceeds it in size, and that is St. Peter's Church in Rome.

It is difficult to say which is the smallest church in the United States. There are many small local churches that hold only a few worshipers. St. Anthony's Chapel (Roman Catholic) near Festina, Iowa, is 12 feet wide, 16 feet long, and 40 feet high, and its four pews seat eight adults.

There is also an interesting little chapel in Iberville parish, near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which is claimed by some people to be the tiniest church in the United States. It is nine feet square, and there is room only for the priest and the altar. The congregation sits outside on wooden benches. An ancient bell at one side of the chapel summons the congregation for worship.

There is a church called the Old Ship Church, which is located in Hingham, Massachusetts. It is thought to be the oldest church structure in continuous use in the United States. The frame and walls stand as erected by shipbuilders.

There is a famous old church in New York City known as the Little Church Around the Corner, which attracts thousands of visitors every year. It is just off Fifth Avenue and is surrounded by the city's skyscrapers. Tourists love to roam around the peaceful green oasis of a garden that is maintained by the church. This church has made friends the world over and has the special warm affection of thousands of brides and grooms. More than 75,000 couples have been married there in the past century. It claims a bride's altar, built from funds contributed by couples married in the church; and jewels given by brides stud the tabernacle door. The founder, Rev. Dr. George Clarke Houghton, served the church for forty-nine years. His nephew, Rev. George Houghton, his immediate successor, served twenty-five years. Since that time other ministers have served the church. During one year the church register showed that there had been 90,000 visitors at the Little Church Around the Corner.

The widely publicized Bok Tower, commonly known as the Singing Tower and Mountain Lake Sanctuary, is a worshipful spot in Florida, located on a beautiful sloping hill near Lake Wales. This tower is 205 feet tall and is built of many colored marble stones, with designs of flowers, birds, and palms carved in some of the stones. Eagles and doves are carved on the

upper balconies; and on the very top of the pointed pinnacles are carved cranes. There is a sundial placed on the south side of the tower, which tells its visitors the time of day whenever the sun is shining. The beauty of the outside is not the main attraction, however. The music that comes from the inside makes people wonder what is in the heart of the Singing Tower. It sounds almost as though it might have a real soul within. There are seventy-one bells, which hang on five different levels and cover a range of four and a half octaves. The largest bell weighs 23,000 pounds, and the smallest one weighs only eleven pounds. This Singing Tower never plays electronic or recorded music. It is always real music, mostly hymns, from the bell master's own touch. People who vacation in Florida are always welcome to visit the Singing Tower. It was Edward W. Bok's desire when he built the great tower, "to make the world a bit better and a more beautiful place in which others may live."

One of the most modern places of worship is also found in Florida. It is Whitfield Estates Presbyterian Church, a drive-in church, located on Highway 41, about halfway between Sarasota and Bradenton. It was organized as America's first drive-in church in December, 1952. The large, modernistic, streamlined building faces the highway, with an open porch pulpit in the back that overlooks a pine grove. Parking places for cars are arranged among the pine trees,

with speakers placed in the same manner as those used by the drive-in theaters. The building has beautiful stained-glass windows and is equipped with two auditoriums and many church school rooms. Microphones are arranged so that folks in the building, as well as the occupants of the parked cars, can hear the minister, the choir, and the organ. Visitors and tourists find this a very convenient way to worship; but those who appreciate it most are the older people who are unable to get about easily and ascend church steps.

Our own United States truly offers a wide and open field of rich vacation land; but our homes should lay a firm foundation and desire for worship.

My parents, by their example, taught me a lesson on worship that I shall never forget. Whenever they started out on a vacation trip, they had us all join hands, and Mother offered a prayer. It was a prayer of gratitude and a petition for protection. From words that she used in our circle prayers, I worded this prayer poem:

Our Travel Prayer

God, guide the hands that guide the wheel;

Guard the highways with careful zeal.

We look to thee, as the motor starts,

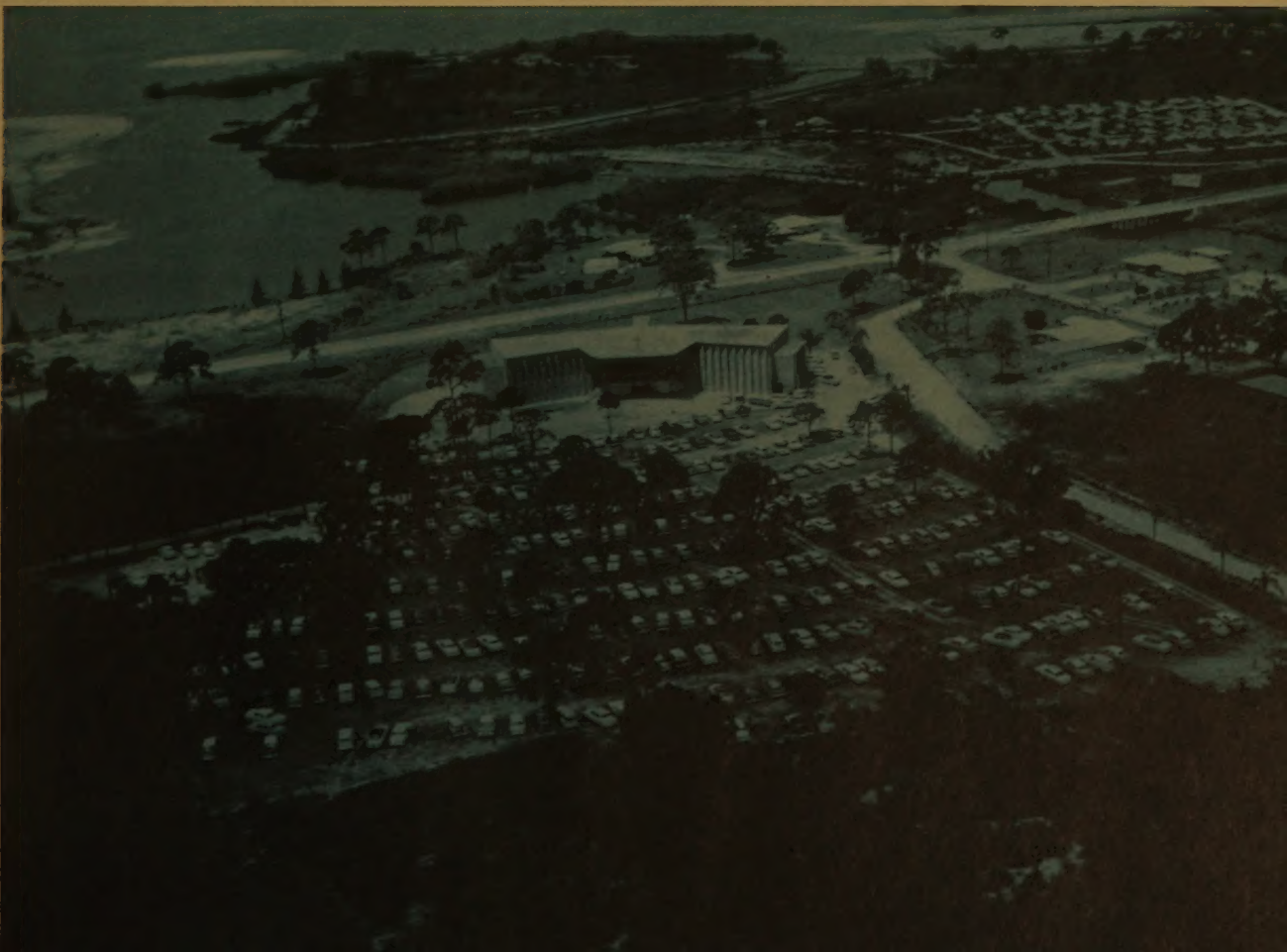
And praise and thank you from grateful hearts.

Now, as we travel mountainous drives,

Watch over us; protect our lives.

Photos from the author

Whitfield Estates Presbyterian Church, a drive-in church near Sarasota, Florida.



FAITH OF OUR FAMILIES

produced by Concordia Films

What follows is a portion of the film, "Faith of Our Families." Its purpose is to help families discover ways in which they may both begin and continue family worship as a meaningful family experience.

The scene: Family Night dinner at an average church in an average-sized city. The dinner is over, and the chairman for the evening, Carl Miller, calls the meeting to order.

Miller: And now that we have all enjoyed a good dinner, I am sure that everyone here would like to hear a few words from Pastor Martin.

Pastor Martin rises with a gracious smile to address the people.

Pastor: It always gives me deep satisfaction when I am with you on Family Night and I can see such fine fellowship among our church members. I am especially happy to welcome those of you who are here for the first time, because I feel that such fellowship always presents an opportunity to dedicate and rededicate our lives to the Lord. Our program this evening was suggested as the result of an unfinished discussion during an adult Bible class a couple of weeks ago. The subject of this particular discussion was, "Family Worship." That day, a number of members raised pertinent questions, such as, Just how do you conduct family worship? When and how can you have a family altar? Since time is usually too short during regular

classes for discussion of such an important subject, the committee resolved to make this our program tonight. So, I will turn the meeting over to the teacher who made this splendid suggestion—Mr. Miller.

Applause greets Miller as he rises, and the pastor resumes his seat.

Miller: Thank you, pastor. Now, don't you folks start squirming. I am not going to bore you with a long exhortation on the virtues of family worship. As a matter of fact, I am not going to do anything at all. I'm going to let you do it! The only thing that I shall mention is the key verse that was responsible for the discussion. I am sure that it is familiar to all of you. It's from John 4, verse 24. "God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth." I asked the class, What did Jesus mean? How does he expect us to worship? . . . We all know that many lives have been changed by the spiritual light; by the strength and guidance that can be derived from worshiping in the family. But many a time we have heard some of our friends say, "That's fine. I'd like to have family worship, too. But—er—how do I start? What must I do?" . . . Suppose we discuss it a bit. Who will help us? How do you—who have family worship—go about it?

His gaze sweeps over the members, seeking someone to start the ball

rolling. There is a momentary silence as the people look about to see who will rise and voice something. At length, Schmidt's wife nudges her husband; and the latter rises to his feet to address the people at large. He becomes a bit embarrassed as he finds himself the cynosure of all eyes.

Schmidt: Well, I can tell you what we do. Of course, each family has to work it out in his own way. Now with our family we started having family worship together at breakfast. (Bill cuts in impulsively.)

Bill: Excuse me for interrupting. But at our house, getting together for breakfast would really be something.

There is a ripple of laughter, and Bill gives a wide smile as he hastens to explain.

Bill: Why, we haven't sat together for breakfast since I don't know when.

Dorothy: My husband leaves for work by 7:30. Our boy doesn't have to be at school until nine; but our daughter has a class at 8:30.

Bill: And believe me, that makes every breakfast a hectic one for my wife.

A wave of laughter ensues, during which some of the people exchange knowing glances which convey "I know just what you mean."

Schmidt: I know just what you mean. Our family used to go

through the same routine; but we worked it out. It was really quite simple. One day I came home with a couple of packages. . . .

The scene changes to the Schmidt front door. Mr. Schmidt has just entered with two packages under his arm. As he does so, his wife, Mae, pleasant faced in her early fifties, comes into the scene.

those packages?

Dave: Yeh, Dad. What's all the big mystery about?

Schmidt: Well, I've been thinking that it's about time we started what we have been talking about for a long time—having family worship. (He indicates the packages.) And what's in these packages can help you.

translation of the Bible that we have heard so much about.

Schmidt opens the package. It is a copy of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. He has with it a Bible study guide.

Schmidt: This is a Bible reading guide that I picked up at church yesterday. Now, according to this, our reading for tomorrow

An interesting account of one family's experience with family worship.

Mae: Hello, dear. What's in the packages?

Schmidt: O just a little surprise.

Mae: For whom?

Schmidt: You will know all about it after supper (chuckling). Now you go back to your kitchen and attend to your oven.

Mae: Supper is almost ready. Call the children, and I'll get it on the table.

The scene dissolves to the dining room. Dinner is over, and the packages are set on the edge of the dining room table. At the table are Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, their daughter, Madge, 16, and their son Dave, 17.

Madge: For the love of Mike, Dad, can't you tell us what's in

He unwraps the packages to disclose two inexpensive alarm clocks.

Madge: Alarm clocks?

Dave: What have they got to do with family worship?

Schmidt: Since we don't ever seem to be able to get up in time for all of us to eat together in the morning, I thought that if each of you had a clock, maybe we could all meet at breakfast for devotions. What do you think?

Dave: Not so good. Why, I can hardly make it in time for school as it is.

Madge: Well, I suppose we could give it a try.

Mae: I think we should. Now, what's in the other package?

Schmidt: That'll help us with our worship, too. It's the new

morning will begin with the Gospel of Mark, chapter 4, verse 21.

Mae: Say, why not start tonight?

Schmidt: That's an idea. Why not?

Dave: I'm afraid you will have to count me out. I've got to be at the gym by 7:30 and . . .

Madge: And I have already made a date to meet Mary Lou at eight. I have barely enough time to change.

Schmidt (resigned): All right, then. Let's have our usual prayer. Dear God, we thank thee for meat and drink through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The scene changes to a picture of an alarm clock. It reads 6:30, and is ringing shrilly. Schmidt's hand

The Schmidt family, composed of Mom, Dad, Madge, and Dave, try their hand at a simple family worship service around the breakfast table.



Madge and Dave read portions of scripture from the RSV Bible.



reaches out, fumbles blindly, and turns it off. The camera pulls back as Schmidt turns over on his side to go back to sleep. His wife is sitting up.

Mae: Come on, Elmer, get up. This was your idea, you know.

Schmidt: Yeh, yeh. All right—all right—I'm getting up.

He throws back the covers and sits on the side of the bed, searching for his slippers and robe. The scene changes to the Schmidt family assembled for breakfast.

Dave (sleepily; with a yawn): O Boy—I sure could have used an extra half hour of sleep this morning.

Madge (between mouthfuls): You should have gone to bed an hour earlier. Then, you would be a half hour to the good.

Mae (with a little laugh): That's right. Say, you children forgot to bring down your Bibles.

Dave and Madge are instantly ready to offer an excuse; but *Schmidt* speaks first as he reaches down to pick up two well-worn King James editions.

Schmidt (with a little smile): That's all right. I knew you would most likely forget.

Madge: Thank's Dad.

Dave: That was very thoughtful.

Dave and Madge finish the last of their breakfast; and *Schmidt* prepares to launch their first family worship.

Schmidt (awkwardly): Well, now, let's see what we can do. The

readings this month are from Mark. Today's session begins with chapter 4, verse 21. I think if each of us reads a verse, it would be nice.

Each reads a verse: *Schmidt and Mae, from the RSV, and Dave and Madge, from their King James versions.*

Schmidt: Now, suppose, as this guide suggests, each of us takes this verse and puts its meaning into his own words.

Dave (obviously bored): This old English gets me. Like, "With what measure ye mete." I don't get it.

Schmidt: Well, this will give us a chance to try out this new translation. Let's see if it throws some light on the subject. (He finds verse.) Here we are. It says, "The measure you give will be the measure you get."

Dave: Hey, now it makes sense. The more we "give out," the more we get in return.

Schmidt: That's right. Now, let's go around as I suggested.

Madge starts to speak. Then each of the others begins to pass his opinion. *Schmidt's* voice is heard as narrator.

Schmidt: That gave everyone a chance to understand what he would read. Naturally, since this was our first attempt, we were

pretty clumsy. But at least it was a start in the right direction.

A passage of time is indicated; and Schmidt's voice, narrating, continues.

Schmidt: After a few days during which some of us were late for work or school, we soon realized that a long morning family worship wasn't too practical for a family like ours. So we learned to confine our morning devotions to shorter periods. Now, after breakfast we use the little devotional booklets published by our church. It gives us a few verses of scripture, a brief meditation, and a prayer that helps us start the day right—with God.

The scene changes to the Schmidt living room. It is evening; and the family is assembled in a group with Schmidt reading from the Bible.

Schmidt (again narrating): Then, after supper we get together for our main family worship. We always try to keep it informal and warm, sharing our ideas and feelings with one another. We regard this period of communion with God as an opportunity to become better Christians.

Scene fades of Schmidt family seated in circle having evening devotions.



Illustration by John R. Steiger

His hand went out and covered hers; and they bowed their heads together while he said grace.

The Marriage Story

by Helen L. Renshaw

Lorry was happily excited. The news in Karen's letter so pleased her that she could hardly wait to hear Doug's firm step on the stairs leading to their top-floor apartment. She was squatted cross-legged on the floor when her husband said, "Hi!"

He stood staring down at her, overcoat half on and half off. "Aren't you a bit adult to be playing with crayons on the floor, pet?"

Her head jerked up. She flung him a reproachful look and tugged at his pants leg. "Look."

He crouched beside her, soberly

inspecting the worn spot directly in the center of the ancient rug. "Hmm . . . perfect blending of crayon and rug pattern. A neat trick." Grinning, he tucked a bronze curl back of her ear. "Your art course is paying off . . . but why?"

She pulled the letter from her pocket and waved it close to his nice straight nose. "We're having our first visitor. My darlingest friend, Karen Whitcom."

He whistled softly. "So finally I'm to meet this wonderful gal you roomed with." Standing, he surveyed their domain, all two-and-

a-half rooms of it. "Have you considered where you'll sleep her?"

"In our bedroom, of course."

He eyed the davenport, groaned "Lumpy," and then obliged with a smile when she whirled happily around the room.

"Karen will love my hand-blocked drapes. We did textile painting at school, you know. And she adores old marble fireplaces."

"They look different in books."

Lorry made a face to show her indignation. Certainly, the apartment was old-styled and high-ceilinged, but it was charming. They had worked hard to make it that



way. And most important, it was within their budget.

"How do you think Karen feels about your marrying me? Falling in love with a poor guy who's studying for the ministry?"

Lorry stopped straightening and thoughtfully studied her husband. She saw his tall, lanky length, his earnest eyes beneath the blond, stubby hair, and blew him a kiss. "She'll understand . . . when she sees you."

But would she? Karen was not at all the "religious" type. She was fast becoming expert in interior decoration. Her few letters had more than hinted that she was disappointed because Lorry had chosen so unwisely, was letting her talents go to waste. "You're not minister's-wife material," she had written, and sometimes in their few months of marriage Lorry had feared that she might be right. Of course, she had gone to church on Sunday as long as she could remember, and she was a professing Christian. But lately, with Doug as a comparison, she had realized that her conscience had never bothered her too much when she had gotten a little off the Christian path. She wasn't strong like Doug. Perhaps she would never learn to be a good minister's wife. But Doug seemed to have no doubts. He loved and believed in her so thoroughly that sometimes it was a little frightening. He expected her to grow in faith and testimony and work earnestly at her Christian life just as he was working so devotedly at his studies.

"With God's help all things are possible," was his creed, and usually Lorry felt that way, too. But now . . . with Karen coming. . . . Oh, she did hope Karen would see how good her marriage with Doug was.

Following dinner, Lorry sighed without looking up from the dish

that she was washing. "I want everything just right, Doug."

"Why shouldn't it be?"

She smiled faintly. "I don't know. You hear such terrible stories about happenings when first visitors come."

Playfully, he flipped a dish towel at her. "Gossip. Don't let it scare you. We'll organize scientifically . . . make lists of what you need for every meal."

"Meals!" she squealed. "I hadn't thought. There'll be dinner and through the next day."

"The trick is to pretend that there are just the two of us . . . then add a little more," he said cheerfully, polishing the last cup. She sloshed the dishrag absently. He rubbed his cheek against hers and jangled coins in his pocket. "Hear that? I'll pick up a handful of daisies . . . might as well put on a little dog."

"Oh, lovely!" Doug could always make her feel so warm and sure with his kindness, his understanding. He would make a wonderful minister.

First thing the next morning Lorry tackled the menus. After a long session with her recipe file, she decided on steaks, a pan of her own flaky biscuits, asparagus, and whipped potatoes. She chewed her pencil stub unhappily. If only it were the first of the month instead of the last. Now there wasn't even a fair chunk of food budget left.

I could phone home, she thought. Dad would be pleased. But Doug? He would be furious! Once before she had tried it. Just once. Doug had been so angry—or it was hurt—that he hadn't even kissed her goodnight. Their first real quarrel, but out of it she had learned that a man and his wife

must learn to stand on their own feet. "Act like adults," Doug said. "Make the best of a tough pull."

Of course, there was the B.B. fund. She could say quite casually, "I borrowed from the Beautiful Baby fund so that our guests could eat properly." She gulped, knowing that it just wouldn't do. No emergency justified robbing the B.B. fund.

Don't act so tragic, she told herself firmly, and looked in the supply cupboard. A salmon loaf stuffed with bread crumbs and celery! Well, Karen was an old friend. Surely, she wouldn't ask for better. Breakfast would be squeezed orange juice, a huge pot of coffee, and lots of gossip, providing that Karen hadn't changed. She watched her weight at breakfast.

The morning of the big day, Lorry kissed Doug hard and pushed him toward the door. "Don't be late, darling," she admonished, and then she went to work. When she had polished furniture, straightened cushions and magazines, and scoured the bath tub, she looked at the clock. Good! Plenty of time to set her curls in fresh waves. She paused only long enough to gloat over the view from their own big window.

She heard the car in the drive below and was already at the door when Karen puffed up the stairs. They fell on each other with hugs, little shrieks, and exclamations. It was a whole minute before Lorry discovered the young giant with lots of unruly hair trailing Karen. He leaned awkwardly in the doorway until Karen pulled him to the center of the room.

"Bill, greet your hostess nicely," she giggled. "Mrs. Douglas McClaren."

His "Hi!" was a cannon boom-

There was pity in Karen's eyes. Lorry, who had so much talent, playing in a mission. . . .

ing through the small rooms.

Lorry flushed under his stare and was relieved when he grinned. She saw that his eyes had passed her and discovered the lemon pie cooling on the kitchen table. Karen linked arms and said abruptly, "Bill drove me up. You don't mind?"

"Why . . . I'm glad you came, Bill," Lorry stammered, her mind going in swift review to the three fruit cups and three molded salads in the cooler. And the salmon loaf! There'd be no left-over slices for noon sandwiches now. "Karen . . . put your things in the bedroom."

"Don't mind us. We'll find our way around." There was a forced lightness to her voice, as though the limitations of the place shocked her; but she was determined not to show it.

With Bill sprawled on the sofa, Lorry backed toward the kitchen. "Doug will be along any minute . . . he's a ravenous man." She hadn't meant it in criticism, but Karen's black brows arched.

Closing the kitchen door, Lorry leaned weakly against the sink and then hastily set out silver for a fourth. How could Karen be so thoughtless, she fumed and then relented. Why she had done the same thing at home a dozen times before she was married, never thinking of the trouble that she had caused Mom. That's the way it was with Karen now. Doug came through the back entrance.

"Here." He pressed a package into her hands. "Gouda cheese."

She gasped, and his face crinkled with amusement. "I've heard about your cheese and cracker sessions. I don't want the party to be a bust."

Something caught at Lorry's throat. "Doug . . ."

"You don't mind . . . my bringing cheese instead of orchids?"

"Mind?" She gave him a quick squeeze. "But I have news. You detest fruit cup, and molded salad gives me the hives."

"Huh?"

"A giant named Bill drove Karen down." She grimaced. "They'll never guess we just don't have spares . . . will they?"

His eyes were suddenly gentle. "Never! Cross my heart!"

Introductions made, Lorry returned for one last inspection of the kitchen. Back in the living room she settled unobtrusively on the ottoman by the door. Bill was concluding a story with much knee slapping and loud laughter. Karen's approval was evident, but Doug sat quietly. Watching, Lorry saw how absorbed her guests were in each other, hardly aware of anyone but themselves.

Suddenly, Lorry felt a terrible letdown. What's happened to us, she wondered. Karen and I were like sisters. Across the room Doug's eyes met hers with warm understanding, and she thought, "Why he knows how I'm feeling. He knows so much about me." Presently, she could look at the visitors and even feel amusement. They seemed so young. But that couldn't be. Karen was only one month younger than herself.

Sitting there, she pondered. Was it ever like this with Doug and me? Perhaps. But now what was between them was so different. There was a sort of mind reading that went on between them now. Just a glance, a gesture, and they understood each other. Why right now, Doug could likely tell by her satisfied glow that the potatoes had whipped to a snowy lightness and the biscuits were high and golden. Later, when she poured from the new coffee maker, he would feel triumph along with her; for both had saved toward

it. It was a special joy that they shared.

Karen had turned down a third cup of coffee when she said abruptly, "What do you two do . . . for amusement, I mean?"

Lorry shrugged. "Well . . . we. . ."

"I'm afraid that Lorry doesn't have too much fun," Doug said gently. "You see, I study at night, and twice a week we go to the mission."

"Mission?"

"Yes. Doug has the service sometimes, and I play for him." Lorry spoke lightly, but she saw pity in Karen's eyes. Lorry, who had so much talent, playing in a mission . . .

The two girls shared the bedroom, and it was fun chattering into the night. But before she slept, Lorry longed to link fingers with Doug while they said their evening prayer together. With Karen giggling beside her, there was really no opportunity for prayer.

In the morning Lorry scrambled a week's allotment of eggs. Karen perched on a stool and watched her hostess stir pudding for lunch.

"I never thought to see you so domestic," Karen sighed. "I like your Doug, but well, isn't it deadly dull for you while he gets to be a minister?"

Lorry grinned. Somehow she knew that Karen would never understand if she tried to explain. There was no way to say that she had discovered even so recently as last evening the very precious thing that her life with Doug was.

Bill came in with an idea. "Let's go to a Chinese place for dinner. What say?"

Karen applauded, and Lorry's heart beat wildly, anticipating such a pleasure. Doug adored Chinese food. But it would mean the price

(Continued on page 28)

"It's such a squirrel-cage existence," lamented Ruth. "I love Dick and the children, of course, and perhaps I shouldn't say this, but . . ." Elsie Conner, teacher of the mother's class, nodded sympathetically. "When I worked, I met people every day. We had a wonderful bunch—such friendly visits during our coffee breaks—but now I struggle on alone and bog down."

"Perhaps," suggested Elsie, "you need a prayer break."

Most homemakers need a daily prayer break; yet few can manage one. "If I engineer family wor-

a resourceful woman will find a way. Josephine Benton, in her helpful booklet, *Martha and Mary*, suggests two original solutions.

"An Australian wrote a thank-you note for a playpen given after the birth of her fourth child. 'You will never know how I appreciate the pen. It is a godsend. I sit in it every afternoon and read, and the children can't get near me.' Another woman uses a red bow to indicate her time of withdrawal. The three youngsters feel her presence; they know that they can call for Mother if Jim falls out of the apple tree or Bob lets the axe slip; but when that

Why Not a Prayer Break?

ship, that's all I can do," confessed one young mother. "I say my prayers as I tumble into bed. If I'm too tired, I know that the Lord will understand." This describes the plight of many women who, vaguely aware of "hidden hunger" for a vital prayer life, would develop one if they could.

But HOW? How do you find time? How do you avoid interruptions? And how do you carry the results into the day's program?

One mother found time early in the morning. "My husband leaves at 6:30. I get up and eat with him. Then, for half an hour, I can worship in peace." For those whose children are all in school, a little break after getting them off seems needed. "Whew!" mothers sigh after the flurry, and drop for a moment into a chair. That moment may be lengthened to an interval, which, devoted to prayer, can change the tone of the entire day.

The children's nap time, some think ideal. With the morning's chores out of the way and the house quiet, they find opportunity to relax and commune with God.

Other mothers find evenings a good time. After the children are in bed, they can take time for prayer, provided that they are willing to exchange half an hour with the TV stars for a similar interval with God!

If none of these plans seem feasible, it helps to remember that, no matter how busy we are, we always make time to eat. Once convinced that prayer

is as important to the spirit as food to the body, bright red ribbon is pinned on her blouse, nothing short of an emergency will persuade those children to violate their mother's withdrawal into her inner world."¹

Where? In a quiet place, where you feel at home. Any woman, sitting on a hard kitchen chair, looking at piled-up dishes, would probably abandon prayer after a hasty petition or two and a mental apology amounting to "Sorry, I'm too busy now." Try the living room or bedroom, if the latter is comfortable. Find a chair in which you can relax. If you need a worship center to create atmosphere, put a favorite religious picture on a table before you (or a Bible, candles, flowers, or whatever helps).

What about interruptions? "I build a fence around myself," said one homemaker. "I don't answer my door or phone during that half hour. I tell myself that I'm at church, and I tell my friends that I'm not available. Now I seldom get calls at that time." Few people have the stamina to let the phone ring; but any woman with resolution can ask friends not to call at that hour, and can answer unavoidable calls briefly.

After the problem of time and place is solved, one needs to learn to take off the cloak of busy-ness. The first step is to relax, breathe deeply, and pretend that you have all day. Who has not had the experience

¹"*Martha and Mary—A Woman's Relationship to Her Home*," Josephine Moffett Benton, Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, Pa. (25¢) pp 29-30. Used by permission of the author.

by Mary S. Thomas

**This is a pleasant interlude
in a busy day.**



Photo by erb

A few moments of private meditation every day are a relief from household chores and a means of keeping spiritually in tune.

of getting an eagerly awaited letter and sitting down to read it, regardless of everything? This is the mood of prayer. Other things can wait.

This involves laying aside problems and anxieties. "It's like leaving your children with a trusted sitter," one mother explained. "You just shed off your worries for awhile." Deliberately you "shed off" family problems, small annoyances, thoughts of your work, and plans for tomorrow.

Now thoughts must be turned toward God. Is sunlight streaming through the window? Picture God's love pouring into your soul. Is the room comfortably warm? Feel God's surrounding presence like that radiance. Has peace come flooding over you as you put aside your responsibilities? It is—"the peace of God which passeth understanding." Visualize it! Feel it! Enjoy it! But, if you cannot do that, at least realize it.

At this point you will want to read your Bible—a passage meaningful to you. "I always read slowly," said one young woman. "Seems I don't get much out of it, if I race along at magazine speed. And when I come to a verse that makes me think, I stop and ponder it."

Following such reading and meditation, prayer comes naturally: first praise and thanksgiving; then the offering of self to God. Here the day's problems may be picked up again, not to be loaded on the back, but to be laid on the altar. Planning the day with God, some call it. Others say, seeing my work in

perspective. It means sifting out the unimportant and giving the rest to God, together with your dedicated strength. Thus, common tasks take on new dignity, and insurmountable ones become possible.

Now pray for your family, mentioning their needs—Dad's worry, Bob's poor grades, Jane's irritability. As the daily prayer habit continues, a mother will want to use a prayer list, including friends with special needs, the church, and the leaders of this distressed world. Always it will include those for whom God has given special responsibility.

Before resuming the day's work, pick a bouquet! Francis of Sales, a French devotional writer of the early seventeenth century, says "One who has been walking in a . . . garden departs not . . . without gathering a few flowers."² So, he suggests, choose from what you have read one verse or thought to carry through the day.

Results? One prays to commune with God, not for results. Yet changes do occur. They are not outward changes, necessarily, but inward ones—serenity of spirit, patience, the up-flowing from the subconscious, or the in-flowing from God, of solutions to problems. As someone put it modestly, in the negative, "The less I pray, the worse I do."

"Blessed is he . . . who has time to spare for God," says Christ. And blessed is that mother who makes such time a part of every busy day.

²Introduction to a Devout Life, St. Francis de Sales, New York, Frederick Pustet and Co. p 74.

If you have the time to take a vacation, but few financial resources,

FAMILY CAMPING

is the answer to your problem.

Did you ever find yourself with time to take your family on a vacation, but with no money to finance it? Thousands of families are discovering that for as little as five dollars a day, a family of four can enjoy a wonderful vacation camping in national forests or state parks.

You will find that camping has a magic effect on children. At home they may want to be pampered and petted; but in camp they pitch in and share in gathering firewood, carrying water, and cooking over an open fire. After the first day they will have made friends with the neighboring children and discovered that, regardless of their home state, they have common hobbies and kindred interests.

Intoxicated by outdoor living, adults and children relax and revert to their natural selves. Hours melt away as families swim, fish, hike, and explore together. Muscles may tire, but the tension and distractions of modern living fade away. Appetites are whetted, and life takes on more zest. It adds up to a happy and healthful experience.

You will be amazed at how simple it is to get started. If you rummage through your attic and closets, you probably will find such items as a picnic basket, an icebox, folding chairs or camp stools, a thermos jug, blankets, flashlights, and maybe an old kerosene lantern.

The children, if they are Scouts, will have sleeping bags, air mattresses, and a first aid kit. You can rent or borrow a tent, and a few other items, and you are ready to start on your initial trip.

You might want to start by taking a week-end trip to a nearby state park. We began our camping experience with a short trip to Vogel State Park, near Blairsville, in northern Georgia. Georgia's most popular mountain park, it is an enchanting spot. Lake Trahlyta, a sparkling mountain lake of crystal clear icy water, nestles in a wooded valley surrounded by mountains. The park caters especially to picnickers and cabin campers; but tent camping is permitted. We checked in with the park manager and were directed to the tenting area. We chose a site, about a half mile from the concessions area, in the woods and on the banks of a bubbling stream

that flows out of the mountains to feed the lake.

It took us about an hour to erect the tent, gather wood for the campfire, sweep clean the site, and unpack the necessary equipment. We had a good swim, and our two boys, Charles, 13, and Bobby, 10, helped us fry sausage and scramble eggs over a fire sandwiched in between two rocks which furnished a stand for the skillet. After supper we sat around talking and laughing in the glimmering firelight until 11 o'clock. Then we doused out the fire, left our kerosene lantern burning in a clear spot in front of the tent, and bedded down for the night. Shortly after midnight, I felt my wife nudge me and whisper, "Paul, what's that?" I roused and peeped out of the tent. The camp seemed quiet in the flickering light of the lantern; then—"Ooooh! Ooooh!" the chilling cry of a screech owl pierced

Daniel O. Todd from U.S. Forest Service



Camping gives the family an inexpensive, but healthful and enjoyable vacation.

by Paul C. Howle

the darkness. We lay awake for awhile listening to the noises of the woods—then piled on more blankets and lay down to be lulled to sleep by the sound of water flowing over the rocks.

After your first camping experience you will want to take stock of your needs and buy some additional equipment. We have discovered that the most practical type of family tent is an umbrella tent (9½ ft. x 9½ ft. base, 7½ ft. tall at the center with a 6 ft. wall height) with aluminum frame and no center pole. Four people can sleep comfortably, or five with a little crowding. This tent costs \$62.95 and has a heavy canvas floor and nylon screen windows. My 13-year-old boy and I can clear a site and erect it in twenty minutes. It takes the same amount of time to dismantle it and store it in the car. For our beds we place air mattresses, the inner spring

mattress of campers, on the canvas floor, and crawl into the sleeping bags on top of them. A good air mattress costs \$11.75, and a flannel-lined, kapok-filled sleeping bag costs around \$14.95. One that can be zipped completely open enables you to open it on hot nights and has several other advantages. An air pump is not absolutely necessary; but it makes the job of inflating the mattresses much easier.

Other equipment which is needed for deluxe camping is a cooking kit, \$11.95; an ice box \$14.95; a two-burner gasoline stove, \$13.95; a thermos jug, \$3.95; an Army folding shovel, \$1.75; rope, camp stools or folding chairs, a lantern, first aid kit, flashlights, blankets, if you go to the mountains, and, of course, a box of groceries. If you want to read at night, a gasoline lantern, strung up in a tree, will provide plenty of light.

While a trailer will enable you to carry more equipment, we have found that a luggage carrier (\$13.35) mounted on top of the car, plus the car trunk, enables us to carry all that we need. A special cover for the carrier (\$5.95) is a good investment; for it protects the luggage from the weather.

At the camp site we keep both the groceries and the icebox in the trunk of the car to protect them from animals. Where bears are common, the park usually has foodlockers available. Enough wood to start a fire should be stashed away in a dry place, in case your main supply gets wet. When leaving the site for a long time, you will want to gather everything not in the tent and cover it with a tarpaulin (a 6 ft. x 10 ft. one costs about \$5.00). This protects things from damage in case of wind or rain.

We have found that in camping you want to wear your most comfortable clothes, preferably slacks or playclothes. We try to travel light, taking things that can be washed and that will dry quickly. A few cosmetics will be needed along with the basic toilet articles and a mirror. We empty the contents of the medicine cabinet in a box and carry it along, so that we will be prepared in case of sickness or injury.

Opportunities for camping offered by national forests and state parks, for variety and interest are

J. Walter Thompson Co. photo



This family group is enjoying the scenery of a national park.

probably unequaled anywhere in the world. National forests have 4,500 camping grounds which are specially selected and improved for your convenience and enjoyment. Facilities include tables and benches, stoves or masonry fireplaces, latrines, garbage receptacles, approved drinking water, and, in some places, beaches, diving boards, bathhouses, and community shelters. They care for 280,000 people at one time. The state parks are more numerous and in many cases have even better facilities, including bathhouses with rest rooms, hot and cold showers, and laundry tubs. In some cases individual electric light outlets are installed at every camp site. Usually, a family pays one dollar per night, which includes fuel for the campfire. Park superintendents are very helpful and accommodating, and will do everything within reason to make you comfortable and happy. In most camps firearms are prohibited; but you need not worry, as the area is policed at night.

Careful planning in advance is very helpful; and detailed infor-

mation on practically every camp site in the United States can be obtained from the following sources: *National-Forest Vacations* (25¢ coin); *Recreational Areas of the United States* (25¢ coin), from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.; and *Campground Guide* (\$1.00), from Campgrounds Unlimited, Blue Rapids, Kansas, which is the most comprehensive.

Our family is enthusiastic about camping together for many reasons:

It is economical. Staying in tourist courts and eating in restaurants costs a family of four an average of \$30.00 per day. Transportation and entertainment are extra. After you have assembled your equipment, you can camp out for about five dollars a day: one dollar for the camp fee, including fuel, and four dollars for groceries.

It is restful. We camped one summer at Morrow Mountain State Park in North Carolina. Our camp site was deep in the woods; but we had a bathhouse with hot and cold water, plenty of logs for

the fire, daily garbage collection, police patrol, and one of the most modern outdoor swimming pools in America. They had a nature museum and regular guided hikes and free lectures by a forest ranger. There were several places for playing horseshoes.

Life in the open provides a complete change from housework, office or shop work, and from school. You return doubly refreshed and in better health.

It is a happy experience. Campgrounds are almost always located in spots of scenic beauty, many of them unrivaled for outdoor recreation. Camping is a family project, and children love it—girls as well as boys. Campers as a whole are a friendly class of people from many walks of life; and many lasting friendships are made. We treasure the acquaintance of a forester's family who shared an aluminum canoe with our children, and taught them to recognize many trees and plants; a schoolteacher and his family; a naval officer who was spending a month in the woods with his family; and many others.

Camping can furnish you a base for a sight-seeing trip. Last summer we spent five days at Cedarville State Park, twenty miles southeast of Washington, in Maryland. The forest ranger helped us to get located and for the one dollar fee furnished us a bag of charcoal each day. Our camp site was one of twenty on a circle and had a small stone fireplace with a grill. Each morning we would cook our breakfast, tidy the camp, and drive into the city. In the evening we would return to the inviting coolness of the forest camp and quench our thirst with icy cold deep well water.

Did you ever yearn to develop close companionship with your boy or girl? A week spent together "living in the rough" is a real opportunity to develop companionship. R. O. Klotz, an official of the National Campers and Hikers Association, says, "Family camping draws families closer together spiritually, because no one can live long in the great out of doors without gaining a belief in and a respect for the Creator of it all."

A park superintendent drops by a camp site to chat with the children.

N.P.A. photo by Ralph H. Anderson



It was a beautiful, simple wedding in the stately chapel of the seminary. The consecrated young Japanese couple had pledged their troth in their Tokyo church before coming to America for study. Bill had been here two years; Kasumi, one. Following the ceremony, there was a lovely reception with much good fellowship, and that evening, the usual Japanese bridal feast in the home of a professor's family.

Later a letter came from the happy honeymooning pair to the host and hostess. Among other things they said,

"You will never know how much your kindness and the spirit of the campus and the community has meant to us. We came to United States with a wall of fear about us, knowing what our nation had done to yours and yours to ours. We were prepared for coldness and misunderstanding; but we have found the warmest of friendships and the richest of Christian experiences.

"Among the students from many lands we have made very dear friends, even though our countries were so recently at war, and we had wronged each other many times. What we have found could happen only on a Christian campus.

"From the depths of our hearts we thank you. But we know that is not enough. We must take this part of America back with us to Japan. The only way we can really thank you is by consecrating ourselves completely to the service of our fellowmen. This we do most sincerely."

Bill and Kasumi

Who made up the bridal party? First, the maid of honor was a beautiful Chinese girl from Malaya, whose cultured family had fled to the hills before the invading Japanese, and had spent more than eight years in exile, living as peasants. "I hated the Japanese! Oh, how I hated them!" Margaret says. "I never dreamed that I could ever love one. But now Kasumi is my dearest friend."

The other bridesmaids were a Greek girl and Rosalie from Australia. "For years we lived in deadly fear of a Japanese invasion. They were demons in our thinking," says Rosalie. "Knowing Christian Japanese in person makes all the difference in the world."

Bill's best man was Kheng, a strong young Christian leader from Malaya, whose youth was largely spent hiding out in the hills from the Japanese occupation forces. He had suffered much misery and uncertainty and had seen plenty of hatred for Bill's countrymen.

Ushers were from India and Korea. The soloist sang in both English and Japanese, neither of which was his native tongue. We knew that he, like other Koreans, had been compelled to learn Japanese in the schools of his childhood. His people had suffered much through the years under the domination of the Japanese.

"Parents of the bride" were the university president and his first lady of the campus. Their little

A WORLD FAMILY WEDDING

by Agnes Henderson

granddaughter strewed flowers for the bride. "Parents of the groom" were veteran missionaries from China who were imprisoned by the Japanese from Pearl Harbor to V.J. Day, and came out of prison too weak to walk. We knew that his wife had suffered through those years and earlier ones. Yet here they were actually giving this lovely wedding, including the "feast," to this Japanese couple.

Another angle—the bride grew up in Nagasaki and experienced that terrible nightmare of the atom bomb. What hatreds were involved in that "incident!"

No amount of fighting could ever bring such peace. No negotiations, no proclamations, no planned procedures of any political nature could ever reconcile all these hatreds. Yes, Bill was right:

"Only on a Christian campus could this happen."

DAD'S DAY

by Maymie R. Krythe

Here it is again—the third Sunday in June—Father's Day, when Dear Old Dad sits in his easy chair, looks at his presents, and is, in general, the center of attention. There's usually a special dinner, too, in his honor, with such favorite foods as roast beef and apple pie. So Dad is really "King for a Day."

Credit for starting this annual celebration belongs to Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, of Spokane, Washington. According to her report, her father, William Jackson Smart, was a most unusual dad. For, after the death of his wife, in 1898, Billy Smart brought up his six children—five boys and one girl—without any woman's aid.

He had fought in the Civil War, and later tried to make a living for his family on a small farm in Arkansas. After several bad crop failures, however, Mr. Smart decided to move to a ranch near Great Bend, Washington. (Ironically, after he left Arkansas, coal was discovered on his farm.) It wasn't easy to be both father and mother; but under his efficient and kindly care, his children grew up to be fine citizens.

In 1909, his only daughter, Sonora (Mrs. John Bruce Dodd), was listening to a Mother's Day sermon in a Spokane church. All through it she kept thinking of her father's devotion to his family; and a new idea came to her. Why not have a Father's Day, too? At once she talked to her minister about it. She told him that, although she appreciated his fine tribute to motherhood, she believed

that fathers, also, should have a special day of recognition. He gladly promised Mrs. Dodd that he would help her get the project started.

During the year she discussed the idea with others; and it was favorably received. In the spring of 1910, she presented a petition to the Spokane Ministerial Association, asking that sometime during June (her father's birthday came that month) they would preach sermons honoring fathers. The ministers agreed to do so; and the mayor of Spokane proclaimed the first "Father's Day." M. F. Hay, Washington's governor, became interested, and set aside the third Sunday in June as the date for such a statewide observance.

In Spokane, many merchants arranged window displays, calling attention to the day. For instance, one store showed a picture of George Washington, the "Father of His Country," with the caption—"Remember Father."

On the first Father's Day—June 19, 1910—when Mrs. Dodd attended the Centenary Presbyterian Church, she was pleased by the tribute that her pastor, the Reverend Conrad Bluhm, paid to fathers when he used the topic, "The Knighthood That Never Retreats."

After this first observance of Father's Day, newspapers carried the story all over the country; and soon plans were being made for it in other places. That great orator, William Jennings Bryan, was one of the first to endorse the idea. He declared: "Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the relation

between parent and child," and sent congratulations to Mrs. Dodd for having suggested the worthwhile project. In 1916, at the White House, President Woodrow Wilson pressed a "Father's Day" button to begin the observance; while President Calvin Coolidge, in 1924, recommended that the day be celebrated all over the United States.

Nowadays, the holiday is sponsored by the National Father's Day Committee, founded in 1935. This group emphasizes the need for building a better and more democratic world; and it stresses the idea of closer home relations by suggesting family reunions in Dad's honor on his day. The committee has suggested ten commandments for fathers to follow in building their children's futures. The last one reads, "He tries to be the man that his child thinks he is."

Each year the committee gives citations to outstanding fathers in various lines of work, while its highest award carries the title, "Father of the Year." In recent years this has been won by such men as Justice Douglas, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Paul Hoffman, and Senator Kefauver. The latter stressed the importance of the day by saying,

"With the exception of setting the right example, I think the next most important element in instilling a genuine respect for law and order in our children is that of being real comrades to our children. Often the improper 'bending of

(Continued on page 28)

for Dad

A DAD'S PARTY

by Loie Brandom

June is the traditional month for brides; but in it we should also celebrate "Father's Day." During the rest of the year Dad is so often the "forgotten man," that we should make a special effort to honor him on this one day that is set aside strictly for him. So with thought in mind the invitations would read as follows:

We love our mothers,
We love our dads, too;
So this is the reason
We're inviting you
To a party we've planned,
Where the dads will find,
We think they're the tops,
Of all mankind.

Date	Place	Hour
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The young people, of course, are in charge of the entire affair, and enjoy several meetings while formulating the plans for the party. Witness one of their planning sessions.

"Who will volunteer suggestions for getting the party started off in a proper fashion?" asked Julie, chairman of the young people's entertainment committee, at their first meeting. "I mean something that will keep the guests on their feet and moving about until the latecomers have all arrived, and everyone has met and greeted everyone else."

"Would a **Famous Dads** contest answer your idea if carried out in this manner?" asked Marty. "We would first cut from old magazines, pictures of ten or more well-known dads, such as Lincoln, Edison, Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Lind-

bergh, Chief Justice Warren, and so on, and fasten the pictures in plain sight about the room. Then distribute pencils and slips of paper with a list of numbers corresponding to the numbers on the pictures. The person guessing correctly the largest number would receive a prize."

"That's a fine start, but what will we have to eat?" inquired "Tubby" Dale. "That's what's on my mind."

"Of course it is," kidded Bill Smith, amid a burst of good-natured laughter from the rest of the committee. They all knew how Tubby had earned his nickname.

"You continue to think about the eats," smiled Julie, "while we plan the rest of the entertainment program."

"Since this is a dad's party, shouldn't they receive prizes?" questioned Mary Ward. "And in order to receive prizes, they should be in almost all the games during the evening. So our games should be built around our dads."

"True!" agreed Julie. "Now what are games that the dads would enjoy playing?"

"Most dads like to fish and hunt and engage in sports contests," mused Bill.

"Right!" commented Roger. "How about these stunts which are easy to prepare but a lot of fun. First we will arrange for the fisherman to have 'ponds' in tubs of water. On the water will float corks with hooks in the tops for which the dads can fish with short poles, string, and bent pins, which we will supply. The first

fisherman to make a catch will win a prize, as will also the one who catches the largest number in the allotted time.

"For the hunters we can have ready for a target, the outline of a black bear sketched on white cardboard and fastened up on the wall. On the bear's body, in different places, will appear numbers inside circles, at which darts will be thrown. The smaller numbers will be placed in the larger circles and the higher numbers in smaller circles on the nose, tail, paws, ears, etc. A teen-ager will act as scorekeeper; and a time limit will be placed on each 'big-game' hunt, with appropriate prizes for the winners. Another cardboard with a sketched wolf on it can be a target for a group of archers with toy bows and arrows."

"Fine! Those games should amuse a large number of the dads during the evening," agreed the others.

"Contests are good, too," suggested Marty. "Show me a man who doesn't like to match his skill, knowledge, or strength against a competitor. And some contests I believe they would like would be the following":

Housekeeping Skills. Line the dads up in rows, six to a team, and hand the leader of each team a pillow in a case. At the signal GO the leader of each team removes the case from his pillow, puts the case back on, and hands the pillow to the number two dad on his team, who does the same thing be-

(Continued on page 30)

Worship in the family with children

To Use with Younger Children

Helping Mother

Ann liked to help Mother. Ann's apron was just like Mother's.

"We must put on our aprons and clean the house," Mother said.

"All right," Ann said, and ran to get her apron.

Ann dusted the table. Mother ran the vacuum attachment over the couch. Mother was humming.

"What day is this?" Ann asked.

"Saturday."

"Oh! Then tomorrow is Sunday," Ann said.

"Yes," Mother answered. "We

must do a good job of cleaning, so our home will be bright and shining today and Sunday, too."

"Why?" Ann wanted to know.

"Well," Mother answered, "it gives me a good feeling when I go to church, to know that I have done good work at home. And, besides, if anyone comes, I want the house to look pretty. Don't you?"

Ann nodded her head.

"I like to go to church," Ann said. "Don't you?"

"Yes, indeed!" Mother said.

Ann's daddy was the minister of the church. Ann lived with her mother and daddy in the parsonage next door to the church. Sometimes people came to their house to talk to Daddy after church was over. Sometimes they came in the afternoon to call. Sometimes lots of people came there to a meeting or party.

"Is our house kind of like the church?" Ann asked.

"What do you mean?" Mother asked with a smile.

"So many people come here," Ann explained.

"Any home is like a church when the people in it love one another, love and help others, and work for God," Mother said.

"How do we work for God?" Ann asked.

"Daddy works for him when he preaches. I work for him when I take care of you and Daddy. You work for him when you help me keep our home clean and nice."

Ann nodded. "I'm glad we all work for God," she said.

"So am I!" said Mother.

Ewing Galloway



Theme for June:

My World of Work

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of the materials fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

Timmy and the Banties

Timmy looked over the low fence into Mrs. Jones' yard.

Something was moving around among the tall flowers in the flower bed. What could it be?

Mrs. Jones came out the back door. "Here! Here! Chick! Chick!" she called, and tossed some food on the ground.

From the garden bed came two very small but quite grown-up chickens, a hen and a rooster. Timmy almost climbed the fence in his eagerness to see them. They had feathers all down their legs and almost covering their feet.

"Are they chickens?" asked Timmy.

Mrs. Jones looked up and saw him. She laughed. "Oh, hello, Timmy! Yes, they are banties. Have you seen banties before?"

Timmy hadn't.

"They eat bugs and worms in the garden, and they don't scratch enough to injure things," said Mrs. Jones.

Timmy loved the banties. They were friendly and came to him. Mrs. Jones let him feed them.

"I wish we had some banties," said Timmy to his mother.

"I can't afford to buy any right now," said his mother. "Play with Mrs. Jones' banties."

One day Mrs. Jones said, "Timmy, I have to be away for two days. Will you feed the banties, and give them water? Will you open their house in the morning, and shut the door carefully after they've gone to bed at night?"

"Oh, I'd like to," said Timmy.

Mrs. Jones went on. "The hen is beginning to lay eggs. You may have an egg for your breakfast each morning while I'm gone."

Each morning Timmy let the banties out. He gave them fresh water and feed. When he heard the little hen tell the world, later in the day, that she had laid an egg, he found it. At night he carefully shut the door of the little house.

Mrs. Jones was pleased when she came home. She said, "You

have taken good care of my banties, Timmy. Thank you so much."

"Thank you for letting me," said Timmy. "And I liked the eggs ever so much."

Timmy went to visit his uncle. When he came home, he hurried to see the banties.

"Surprise for you!" said Mrs. Jones.

Timmy looked. There sat the little hen on the ground. In a minute out from under her wing peered a tiny head, with bright black eyes.

The little hen had hatched six baby chicks. They were so cute and tiny, with little feathered legs just like the hen and rooster.

The little hen, like all banties, was a good mother. The chicks grew fast.

Timmy played with them. He was very careful as he handled them.

The weeks went by. One day Mrs. Jones said, "Timmy, you are

so careful with the banties, and you like them so much that I'm going to give you a pair for your own."

She let Timmy choose a pair from the grown-up chicks. His mother helped him make a little house for them. Mrs. Jones gave him a little feed for them.

Soon they were busy in the flower beds at Timmy's house, eating up the bugs and worms.

"Isn't Mrs. Jones nice, Mother?" asked Timmy. "I did so want a pair of banties. Now I have them."

His mother smiled. "It was lovely of Mrs. Jones to give them to you. I think she did it because you like them so much, and are so careful with them."

"I always will be, Mother," said Timmy. "Now I'd better go and give them some feed."

—Grace W. McGavran

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W. Henry Boller



For Family Worship

If your family is accustomed to a worship or beauty center in your home to help set the mood for worship, place a picture of a familiar worker in this center. Have the Bible open to 1 Corinthians 3:9.

Call to Worship

We are fellow workmen for God.
—1 Corinthians 3:9.

Song: Choose between the song on this page and "My Master Was a Worker," junior pupil's book for year three, summer quarter, page 25.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on this page or choose one of the following: "Mother's Helper," primary pupil's book, year one, winter, page 27; "A Prayer," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, page 35; "When I Have Work to Do," primary pupil's book, year three, winter, page 31; "A Song of Praise for the Worker," junior pupil's book, year one, winter, page 22; "A Good Workman," junior pupil's book, year two, fall, page 35; "His Youth," junior pupil's book, year three, summer, page 22.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based upon the call to worship; discuss one of the poems suggested for use with this theme; or choose from the following: "Helping in Our Church," primary pupil's book, year one, summer, page 36; "A Verse from the Bible," primary pupil's book, year two, fall, page 15; "We Worship, Too," primary pupil's book, year three, fall, page 31; "Jesus' Work Goes On," junior pupil's book, year two, spring, page 10; junior pupil's book, year three, summer, "Thinking About Jesus," page 21 or "Jesus, the Good Workman," page 22.

Story: "The Angelus," beginning on page 29 of the primary pupil's book, year one, fall quarter.

Song: Use the song not used previously in the service.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer, use the one printed on this page, or use "A Litany to Use at Home," primary pupil's book, year three, fall, page 17.

A Bible Poem

Great are the works of the LORD,
studied by all who have pleasure in them.

Full of honor and majesty is his work. . . .

He has caused his wonderful works to be remembered; . . .

He provides food for those who fear him;

he is ever mindful of his covenant.

He has shown his people the power of his works,

in giving them the heritage of the nations.

The works of his hands are faithful and just;

all his precepts are trustworthy, they are established for ever and ever,

to be performed with faithfulness and uprightness.

—Psalm 111:2-3a, 4a, 5-8.

Prayer

Dear God, thank you for work to be done. Thank you for all those who work to make the world a helpful place. Help us to work for you. Amen.

Thanks for Workers

I thank you, Father, for the friends

Who work each day for me.

For ones that I can call by name,
And those I never see.

The farmer and the dairyman,
The men who make my bread;
For all the folks who work at night
When I'm asleep in bed.

For doctors and for garbage men
Who help to keep me well;
For friendly clerks I meet in stores
With books and toys to sell.

For these and many more I pray
Who work so hard for me each day.

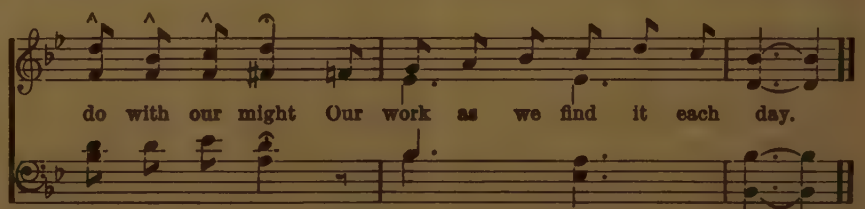
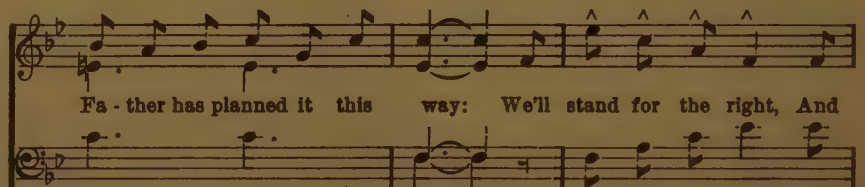
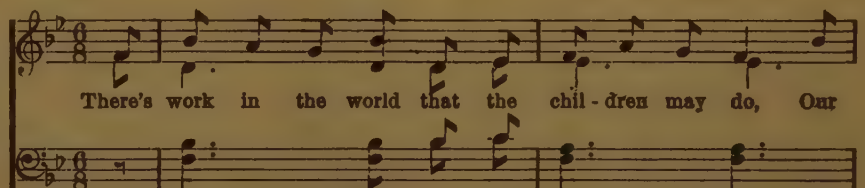
—Belle Chapman Morrill

Praise

God gives me love
And daily care.
He know my needs,
And hears my prayer.
So I will sing
To God my praise,
And thank him for
His kindly ways.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

My Work





SEARCH FOR SUSIE

by Enola Chamberlin

During the night there had been a sudden hard rainstorm. It had caused the creek to flood. By morning the flood was over. So Verne and Vera ran out to see what had happened.

"Oh, oh," Vera cried. "The water came up where I was playing last and washed my playhouse and doll away."

"Well, they're gone," Verne said. "Probably deep in the lake by now."

"Oh, no," Vera cried, "Susie can't be washed away. Come help me look for her, Verne."

"Me look for a doll!" Verne said. "I guess not. You go look for her."

"Mother won't let me go alone," Vera said. "Please do come, Verne."

"Well, all right," Verne said. "Wait until I get Tippy."

But although Verne called and called Tippy, the little black and white dog did not come.

"Come to think of it," Verne said, "I haven't seen him this morning. I'd better be hunting for him instead of for a doll."

"He's been away like this before," Vera said. "He can come home when he wants to. Besides, where would you look for him?"

Verne scarcely stopped his calling and whistling to answer.

"I don't know where I'd look for him," he said. "But he's worth more than all the dolls in the world. But, come on. I'll go with you."

The children followed the winding way of the creek which now gurgled easily over its rocky bed. Piles of brush, pieces of wire, and loose boards showed how high the water had been the night before. Verne helped Vera search through everything for Susie. They found the little stool that Vera used for a chair when she played along the stream. The water had thrown it high up on the bank.

"Susie can't be very far now," Vera said.

Just as she spoke, from on down the stream came the eager barking of a dog.

"Tippy!" Verne cried. "Where are you?"

More barking, and then both Vera and Verne were running as fast as the brush and uneven ground would let them. Tippy kept up his barking, guiding them to where he was completely hemmed in by some loosely rolled chicken wire. He had tried to dig his way out; but the wire was under him as well as over him.

The children dropped down and began working at

(Continued on page 28)



CHICA'S BLANKET

by Enola Chamberlin

Chica, the little Navajo girl, was going to weave her first blanket. Father had the loom all set up. Mother had the wool in many colors ready to use.

"What kind of blanket are you going to make?" Grandmother asked.

"Just a blanket," Chica said.

Grandmother looked shocked.

"There is no such thing in our land as just a blanket," she said. "The figures in our blankets are our dreams and our wishes when we are young. They are the stories of our lives when we are older. The colors tell stories. The lines, the bands, the angles tell stories. You are young. You should put in what you dream of when you are awake and gaze out at the mountains and the sky."

"Oh," Chica said, looking out across the dry bare brown of Navajo land. "I dream of mountains and green trees. I dream of rain and streams of water. I dream of sunshine, too, but soft sunshine like in the early morning."

Grandmother nodded. "I had dreams like that once," she said. "I made a blanket. It was beautiful with green and blue and white and black. To-day my blankets have more red and brown and yellow. But they are beautiful, too."

"Will you help me make my blanket?" Chica asked.

"Yes, little one," Grandmother said. "I will help you and tell you, so that when you make your next blanket, you will know."

So Grandmother helped Chica wind the plain white threads, called the "warp," up and down between the poles that made the loom.

"Now," she said to Chica, "we will begin at the bottom and weave the colored threads in and out among the white threads. Tell me what you want to start with."

Chica thought a minute. "I would like to start with my mother standing against the sky," she said.

"Oh," said Grandmother, "a broad arch for the sky, and blue for it and for your mother, too. For blue is the color for women."

So Chica wove in the threads as Grandmother showed her. Next came her father walking along a trail.

"Black for a man and brown lines for the trail," Grandmother said.

Then Chica wove in small squares to indicate the homes of her family. She wove them in green to show that they were away from the land where trees and grass grew. She joined them together with a line of

(Continued on page 30)

A Living Laboratory in Group Relations

Let's take a "look-see" at the Maus family. . .

"Well, shall we stay at home tonight, or shall we go to the show? What do you say? Shall we vote on it?" Daddy Maus is being most democratic, a virtue for which he has much pride.

The dinner table was the chosen setting for all such decisions. Daddy Maus usually waited until the meal had been finished before approaching any subject. He had read a newspaper column once on psychology, which suggested that digestion was hindered if emotional topics were discussed while eating.

"O.K., now, all in favor of going to the show, raise your hand. Well, how nice! It seems to be unanimous."

"Daddy, let's see a Western," Billy, the youngest, volunteers enthusiastically.

"But Daddy, we went to see a Western last time. You know I've outgrown those silly pictures," Marge, the eldest of the three (two boys and herself), says in a tone of disgust.

"Remember, Marge," says Mother, "you were Billy's age once. Dickie, what would you like to see?" Mother Maus shares the role of "chairman" with her husband, as they have shared the many responsibilities of parenthood.

"Aw, you know I don't care, Mom." Good-natured Dickie could always be counted upon to be agreeable.

"I have a paper right here." Daddy is again in charge. "I would like to suggest this musical at the Capitol Theater. I read a review of it, and it is recommended for both adults and children. I'm sure that we will all enjoy the good music."

"I'd like to see that one, Dad." Marge is all smiles.

"But, Daddy, what about a Western? Aren't there any Westerns?" Billy is trying to get his way.

"Yes, Billy, there is a good Western at the State Theater, but. . . ." Daddy doesn't get to continue, because Dickie is interrupting.

"Billy, don't you remember that Marge went to see the Western with us last time? Shouldn't we go to her kind this time?"

"If we are going anywhere," Mother chimes in, "we have the dishes to wash, and so we had better get going."

"Oh, all right." Billy doesn't give in too easily. "Let's have the vote, Daddy."

"It appears to me that we don't need a vote. I think that everyone has expressed his opinion. Let's go to the Capitol by consensus." Daddy is smiling.

"There he goes again with those big words; but who cares, so long as we get to go to the show. Come on! Everybody to the dishes!" Marge is first to jump up from the table, carrying her dishes to the sink.

Billy, the last one away from the table, starts to walk away without carrying his dishes. After a few steps he kicks the leg of a chair, looks toward the kitchen, and then turns around and picks up his dishes, joining the others to "get ready to go."

What we have just viewed in our "look-see" at the Maus family appears to be a very simple task of deciding to go to a movie. Yet within this episode are many so called "dynamics" at work. Here in the Maus home is a group of human beings who have been brought together through the natural course of human events—a group of people whose individual lives are being molded by their own "dynamic." No group situation is without group "dynamics."

In order to understand this better, let's take a look at the Benton family, where Dad and Mother Benton are relaxing in the living room with their two sons, Harold and Don. Both have arrived home from their universities for the week end.

Dad Benton is speaking to Don. "So you have a course in human relations this year. Tell me something about it."

"It's one of the most interesting courses that I've had in my four years, Dad. In fact, I've been awakened to just how important it is to be aware of what they call 'group process.' For one thing, Dad, did you know that they are now suggesting that for work or study groups it isn't necessary to have a chairman and to vote? Instead, everyone shares the leadership, and decisions are made by consensus. Consensus means 'by agreement,' Harold, in case you haven't heard of it in your freshman courses yet."

"All right, wiseguy, I'll have you know that in my school they don't wait until the senior years to offer courses in social-psychology. In fact, Professor Warren had us form a T group (T stands for training) since the day classes opened."

"I suppose, then," Don was attempting not to show his surprise, "that you have already talked about the forces that work in groups?"

"Natch," retorted Harold. "Only, Professor Warren had us dig them out for ourselves and then memorize them. We found that whenever two or more people get together, there are attempts to communicate, attempts to influence one another, efforts toward

by Allison, Deloris, Martha, and Jane Holt

Mom (Deloris), Pop (Allison), and daughters (Martha and Jane) collaborated to write this study article and guide.

common action, and attempts to understand each other's feelings. These forces affect the behavior of each person in the group."

With this, Harold sat back to see the reaction to his words of wisdom.

"My goodness, Father," intervened Mother. "You mean this has been going on all these years, and we didn't know what it was?"

"Now, Mother, let's not belittle the boys." Father was moving up to the edge of his chair. "I think that they may have something here. Do your professors agree with this, Don?"

"Yes, Dad," Don replied. "We have practically the same thing. To understand it, though, you've got to take a psychological look at the individuals in the group. For instance, each person carries with him certain basic needs, such as the need for affection; the need for approval, especially from authority figures; the need for approval of age mates; the need for independent expression; and the need for self-respect. All these things affect the way that a person acts in a group."

"Well, tell me, one of you. This must all follow a pattern, or something." Mother was a little confused.

"The way my professor explained it," Harold came

alive, "is that every group has a communication pattern of power or influence structure, a functional role structure, a social structure, and an action structure."

"Well, I asked the question," Mother said, resuming her knitting. "I'm sure you gave me the right answer; but I'm afraid it is still a little vague."

"Let an amateur take a stab at it," said Father. "By communication, do you mean the way each member speaks to the other?"

Don accepted his turn as he said, "It is more than just words, Dad. It also means the tone of voice, posture, gestures, and facial expressions. It means being aware of each person's reactions to whatever is being said and done."

"One of the most helpful things that I've found in the training groups I've been in," said Don, "has been what we call 'feed-back,' where each person in the group tells the other members exactly how he feels about what is being said or done. In this way we can tell how accurate our own reactions are."

"That sounds dangerous. I'd hate to try it in a group that I didn't know well," observed Mother.

"That's right, Mother," said Don. "That's why there is such a stress on informality in groups, so that people can feel free to express themselves. If

Harold M. Lambert



The family is the first group with which an individual comes in contact. The same forces which influence any group are likewise present in a family unit.

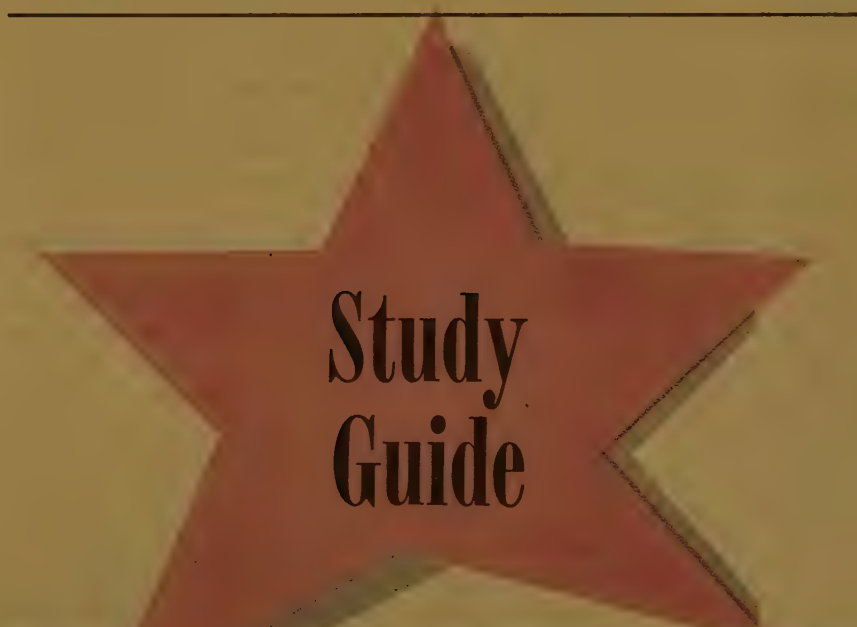
the members of the group are sincere in what they say, the other members of the group can usually accept it."

Dad smiled. "I seem to have got us started on communication. Now let's hear what you mean by functional role."

"This was what I was talking about in the very beginning with regard to leadership," Don spoke up. "It means that each person in the group accepts responsibility for the group's work. Leadership is one of these. There are many kinds of leadership; but

they fall into three main types: *laissez-faire*, democratic, and authoritarian."

"Let me explain," he continued. "*Laissez-faire* is the type of leadership that lets the group do as it pleases—no discipline or no formal action. Authoritarian leadership creates a lot of dependence on one person; and if that person isn't around, the group doesn't get anything done. Democratic leadership shares the leadership responsibility; and each person accepts his responsibility. This sort of group sets and develops its own group standards with necessary dis-



Study Guide

Purpose

To help families become aware that they are a group; that processes are at work in their family; that with proper understanding these processes can have a Christian influence on their home, church, and community lives.

Preparation

In preparation for the meeting, try to get every member of each family to attend. Encourage each family to read the article and to recall their own ways of making decisions.

Have the room arranged informally with chairs in a circle. If role playing is to be used, have a table about which the "family" may sit. Have ready oversized name tags for role playing, depicting "Father," "Mother," and names for the "children."

Have someone give a brief, useful report of the books listed in the resources, indicating how these could be used by families in better understanding of themselves.

If role playing is to be used, each incident should be limited to five minutes. Characters should come from different families. The leader sets the stage by describing the setting, the situation, and the character roles. Players become the persons described, mak-

ing dialogue to arrive at a possible group solution to the problem.

First: a family of three, making a decision on the time for the daughter to come in from her date. The parents are insisting on an 11 o'clock hour; and the show doesn't get out until 11:30.

Second: a family of four—father, mother, son aged 16, and daughter aged 12. The parents uphold each other; the boy is demanding, and the girl is easy-going. A decision is being made on attending the church family night dinner. The boy has a previous date. The girl has a test the next morning. The father has lodge, and the mother is serving at the church dinner.

Third: a family of five: father, mother, and three children, who are making a decision on vacation plans for the summer.

After each role play, break up into groups and discuss the following:

1. Who influenced the family most? How?
2. What influence did the father have? The children? Mother?
3. If the group didn't arrive at a decision, what do you think would have been the decision?

After the role play, the total group could be divided up into the groups of

the fathers, the mothers, and the older youth, to consider the following questions:

1. What is the difference between just making a decision and making a Christian decision.
2. How does decision making in the family affect the individual member?
3. What are the Christian implications?
4. What part does God have in decision making in the family?

Using the Study Article

Some groups might use the study article as a role play. Five people could become the Maus family and read aloud from the article. This sort of presentation may stimulate discussion of "ways in which families make decisions."

The Benton family discussion can be used as a resource for the discussion. It would be well for the program committee to be thoroughly acquainted with the Benton family discussion.

Using the Filmstrip

Another method for stimulating a discussion of "ways in which families make decisions" would be to use the filmstrip, *No Easy Answer*, instead of the role playing technique. The guidebook for the filmstrip gives detailed instructions in using the filmstrip with groups.

Bibliography

You Can't Be Human Alone, Margaret E. Kuhns

Learning Together in the Christian Fellowship, Sarah Little

Democracy in the Home, Christine Beasley

Religious Living With Nursery Children, Phoebe Anderson

Filmstrip

No Easy Answer, from Family Life Audio-Visual Kit, black and white, 17 min. w/ 33 1/3 r.p.m. record. Rental, \$2.50.

cipline. Because they share responsibility, they learn co-operative thinking."

Father looked puzzled. "That sounds a little bookish. . . ."

"But I can see families within our own church," interrupted Mother, "who seem to fit those descriptions: the family down the block who don't care whether their children go to church or not; the twins' father, who makes them go to church and Sunday school every Sunday. Then there is our family. . . . I've felt that we have always tried to talk about the

pros and cons of church activities and have decided together about going. I'm glad that we nearly always have entered into church life wholeheartedly."

"Yes," said Harold. "I think that we've always appreciated your guidance, while we still had a voice in deciding. In fact, a lot of times we knew what we should do and didn't want to do it. In talking it over with you, we gained the insight to make the right decision on our own."

"Yeah," agreed Don. "We would have resented your making us do it."

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Treat for a mouse -----	62 25 118 17 9 31
B Father of Jacob and Esau -----	85 67 109 59 15
C Name for a toy bear -----	54 100 48 125 65
D In front of -----	74 34 13 81 111
E The first garden -----	44 102 124 107
F Parts of a comb -----	117 37 73 21 87
G The mad one in "Alice in Wonderland" -----	43 39 1 68 56 32
H Wandered about aimlessly -----	86 89 129 41 53 18
I Took the dirt off -----	115 93 36 55 95 28
J Temporary home for the scouts -----	76 35 27 96
K What a hero is supposed to be --	64 47 106 127 122
L One of the Carolinas -----	71 51 103 14 97
M The other Carolina -----	99 70 20 42 113
N Mr. Disney's "Bambi" -----	45 101 92 60
O Grow smaller -----	57 22 50 128 4 63

P Home of Prince Charles and Princess Anne -----	83 6 79 49 19 90
Q Famous canyon of the Southwest -----	72 69 116 40 131
R Number of hours from six A.M. to six P.M. -----	11 77 114 82 30 98
S What Christ was called by his disciples -----	5 38 10 33 3 123
T Keeper of a prison -----	121 66 12 94 58 110
U Playthings -----	88 29 104 120
V To call on someone -----	52 126 7 23 112
W Was at the top of the list -----	2 130 26 80 8 91
X Antlers -----	16 46 119 84 24
Y Turns on the television -----	108 78 61 105 75

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		19	20	21
	22	23	24		25	26	27	28		29	30	31
32		33	34	35		36	37	38		39	40	41
	42	43	44		45	46	47	48		49	50	51
52	53		54	55	56		57	58	59		60	61
62	63		64	65		66		67	68	69	70	71
72		73	74	75	76		77	78	79	80		81
82	83		84	85	86	87	88		89	90	91	
92	93	94	95		96	97	98		99	100	101	
102	103	104		105	106	107	108		109	110	111	
112	113	114		115	116	117	118	119	120		121	122
123	124		125	126	127	128	129	130	131			

School is out. The big yellow school bus has deposited a dozen youngsters at the corner. With one accord they head for the crossroads grocery. Soon they are out again, with things to eat in their hands. Mostly they have spent a dime getting what they want to eat. Some, of course, spend less. The point is, that money—cold hard cash—is available for those children to buy *what they want* in the way of something to eat.

The Variety Store is full of delightful things. A young mother comes shopping for some thread that she needs. She's sewing a dress for Sally. While she matches the sample of material to the thread, Sally and Tommy are exploring the toy counter, with its lavish display of all that a child could wish for. Sally and Tommy come up to their mother, with a treasure in hand.

"Mother! May I have this?"

The young mother hesitates. "How much is it?"

"Only forty-nine cents," smiles the salesgirl.

"Oh, well, I suppose so," says the mother.

Again, money—cold hard cash—is available for those children to buy *what they want* in the way of something to play with. It is not just an isolated instance. You need only to watch at the entrance to stores, particularly neighborhood stores, to see children emerge with everything from bubble gum and comics to double-dip ice cream cones or toys, for which money was available to them.

The children are getting ready to go to Sunday church school. They usually, although not always, think about the offering. Dad or Mom digs into pocket or pocketbook and comes up with—pennies, or nickels. We do not overlook the occasional dimes. Quarters? How many have you seen any child put into the offering? Let's settle for pennies or nickels as the average gift. Somehow, money—cold hard cash—is *not* available to the same extent for that which the child *wants to use* to express his thankfulness to God.

There are four things that we human beings live by.

One is that which supplies our material needs—food, clothing, shelter, protection.

The second is that which answers our curiosity—education, communication, information, stimulus to mental action.

The third is love—security, the feeling of belonging, the interplay of relationships between one person and another.

The fourth is worship—the knowledge and feeling that God is in the world, and is concerned with us and loves us and desires our recognition, our love, and our help in his work.

When a child says, "I want—," it is in the realm of these four needs by which he, just as much as an adult, lives. In some areas, however, he is more articulate in knowing what he *wants* than he is in others. In the first two he is fairly voluble. Because the second seldom involves outlay of money, parents sometimes are unaware of it. Yet society forces them, by taxes for school and library, to provide for at least part of the demand.

In the third area it is the concern of society today that parents become aware of a child's need along those lines. The fourth area is an open field. It is an area in which a child often is quite unaware of his desire. Parents, too, often are indifferent to his need.

Let us consider just the one area of the fourth need: that of the child to respond to the opportunity to help in the work of God through his offering in church or Sunday church school. What about the attitude of parents to this need and desire?

"I need a dime to get something to eat after school," may be answered by the providing of that dime five times a week—fifty cents. More often it is customary to provide food at home. It costs something in the course of a week.

"But the child needs food!" cries the parent. "He's hungry!" The one who answers the need with money may add, "All the other children stop at the grocery. My child would feel left out if he didn't have the money to spend."

The Things a Child Wants

What about the child's need and hunger to have a vital part in the Kingdom of God? Because it is a hunger that can be stifled, is it then to be neglected? Because the growth that would result for the child does not appear in inches and pounds, is it to be ignored?

We all have heard parents say, "We give as a family." That is used as an excuse for failing to provide a way for the child to give. Do they eat as a family, one adult putting all the food into his own mouth? Is there any reason why Johnny should not pay a share of the coal bill for heating the church instead of letting Dad do it all?

We all have heard parents say, "Money that is given to the church should be the child's own money, not that which is passed out to him by his parents." Church leaders have said the same thing. But is it realistic? If giving is an experience that promotes growth, just as food and exercise do in another realm, is it not important that money be provided for the experience of giving? Do parents insist that Betsy buy from her own funds, the present that she takes to Judy's birthday party? Or is it only when the gift is to be for the Lord, that it should be "a child's own"? There comes a time when the joy of giving can be directly related to the child's own money, and the earlier the better; but wise parents can manage that very easily if they want to.

A first step is to know just what the children do give. One church provided, for a while, plain little envelopes on which a child might write his name and into which he might seal his offering for the Sunday church school. A temporary treasurer kept a list of the children and their giving over a period of several months. The department then had an accurate record, not of the average giving per child, but of what individual children actually did give. It ranged from Billy, who regularly put in an empty envelope with his name on it (and why not? He did not want to be left out of the process, did he?), on up to Charles, who put in a dime each Sunday. Most children put in pennies and nickels. The giving was more or less

consistent. During this time no pressure at all was put on the children. No more mention was made of the offering than had been made. The purpose was not to increase the offering, but to investigate the pattern of giving.

After such an investigation, it is easy to draw up a chart, giving each pupil a number on the chart and eliminating names. A parent-teacher meeting, carefully prepared for, may have as its purpose a presentation of the need of the child, if he is to grow, to have a share in giving. Ways by which the family may plan its children's giving may be suggested. Not all families will use the same plan. One or two plans are suggested below. Others will occur to anyone planning such a procedure.

First, the family needs to consider all money that is put into the child's hand for spending, and chart it. He has so much for lunch at school; so much for buying anything from pop to hamburgers. It may not be regularly given. The family may not be aware of how much it is. Family buying in response to "Let's stop and get ice cream cones," can be included. Money which the parent spends for toys, comics, entertainment, movies, and anything else that comes as the result of "I want," or "Daddy, get me," should be included. How much per child per week does it come to? Does Janice get more because she pesters more? Does Carl get little because he doesn't demand? It's all in the picture. Then what? How much does each child have per week for expressing

(Continued on page 30)

by Grace W. McGavran

Pop may be unhappy about parting with some of his hard-earned pelf. But Junior knows that with a little wheedling he can extract the necessary funds to buy candy, ice cream, or whatever he wants.

Photo by erb



The Marriage Story

(Continued from page 7)

of four dinners. Doug's pride would make him pick up the tab for his guests. We'll do it anyway, Lorry told herself impatiently. Just this once, I'll borrow from the B.B. fund and pay it back next month. Doug won't have to know.

Then she remembered. This was Doug's mission night. But surely he would understand her need for fun . . . and he was always so faithful. He could ask someone else to take his place.

That was when Larkin thumped on the door. Lorry knew it was Larkin, because he frequently came up from the apartment below to ask innumerable, five-year-old questions. Snatching a cookie from the jar, she flew to the door.

"Here, baby," she said gently. "Lorry can't talk now . . . tomorrow . . ."

He grinned, bit into the cookie, and peeked around her, silently inspecting the visitors. "O.K.," he said cheerfully. Lorry watched him fondly as he descended the stairs. She was startled when Bill hooted, "Get a load of those freckles . . . and ears!"

Karen laughed, and unexpectedly Lorry felt a small stir of anger. Sure the boy was sort of homely, but hadn't they noticed his eyes, like brown velvet, and his clear, sweet voice, and the smile that sent happiness rippling up and down his little face when he bit into the cookie? Something fiercely protective flared in Lorry. "Maybe Larkin isn't cuddly, with a handful of yellow curls," she said hotly. "But he's better! He's got character. That's what . . . real character!"

Karen's brows were two surprised arcs. "Why darling! I wouldn't run a fellow with character down . . . cross my heart." She flung Bill and amused glance. "Forgive me?"

Lorry laughed, and the talk went

back to the discussion of dinner. Suddenly, she felt ashamed. A good wife—a good Christian wife didn't ask her husband to forsake his duty. What had she been thinking of when she contemplated borrowing from the B.B. fund?

"It's Doug's mission night," she said quickly. "I don't think that there will be time to eat out."

"Oh?" Karen exclaimed. "But you can come along with us anyway. Remember the fun we used to have?"

Of course, they had had fun. But that was before Doug. That was before Lorry had linked hands with a man who would someday be a fine minister because he was a fine Christian who put first things first in his life. Lorry had a part in all that. There was her understanding to be exchanged for his. It was up to her to build a Christian home and rear Christian children.

For a moment she wanted to explain all of this to Karen, who had been her dearest friend, but their lives had moved apart.

Later, while she set the table for two, Doug said slowly, "You would have liked to have gone with them, Lorry."

"Yes." She poured coffee and tried to analyze the unreasoning happiness welling up within her.

"It's not that you suddenly prefer spaghetti to Chinese food?"

She grimaced. "I think it started with Larkin and the B.B. Fund."

"Huh?"

"Oh, yes." She was positive now. "Twice I almost borrowed from it." He stared, and she flushed, knowing that it was more than the fund.

"It was . . . us," she said slowly. "A sort of where-you-go-I-go thing."

Lorry didn't finish, because when she looked across the table at Doug, she saw that it was as though a light had been turned on behind his face. His hand went out and covered hers; and they bowed their heads together while he said grace.

Dad's Day

(Continued from page 16)

the twig' comes when we are so busy with our own interests that we leave our children to the influence of others."

Mrs. Dodd, who also suggested the use of red or white roses on Father's Day, was pleased that her own father lived to see nine of the holidays observed. Naturally, she has been thrilled by the spread of the celebration, and believes that its popularity comes from the great value in emphasizing the safeguarding of marriage, the father's place in the home, and the right training of children.

Mrs. Dodd is proud of the work of the National Father's Day Committee; for the chief interest in her life is still the Father's Day project. "In my heart," she says, "I cannot reckon the riches in happiness that I have realized through Father's Day." Not long ago her son, John Dodd, Jr., a forester, was named the "Ideal Father" for the District of Columbia; and she remarked, "I was thrilled, but not surprised, for John was an ideal son to his father. And ideal sons are the material from which ideal fathers are made."

Of course, being kind to Father should not be confined to just one day; but it is a fine thing to give him special tribute on this occasion. Also, we should be grateful to Mrs. Dodd, whose love for her devoted, unselfish father inspired her to set aside a day each year to honor all dads.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Then Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the Lord drove the sea back by a strong east wind all night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." (Exodus 14: 21)

The Words

A Cheese	M South
B Isaac	N Lamb
C Teddy	O Shrink
D Ahead	P London
E Eden	Q Grand
F Teeth	R Twelve
G Hatter	S Master
H Gadded	T Warden
I Washed	U Toys
J Tent	V Visit
K Brave	W Headed
L North	X Horns

Y Dials

Search for Susie

(Continued from page 21)

the wire. Tippy tried to get to them, to lick their hands to show them how glad he was to see them. All the while he kept up a sharp, happy barking.

Once he was free, he jumped on Verne and then on Vera. He flung himself down and rolled over and over. The children started back home.

"If you hadn't come with me, we wouldn't have found Tippy," Vera said. Then she stopped. "But we haven't found Susie yet at all."

With Tippy once more at his heels,

Verne was the eager one now.

"Well, come on," he said. "Let's find her."

So Vera went back slowly over the ground that they had run over when they were racing to Tippy. Verne went on down the stream.

Before long Verne's cry, "Search ended," sent Vera flying to meet him.

Susie was pretty much bedraggled, but she was still Susie. Vera hugged her so hard that she squeezed water out of her clothes. Both children were happy as they trudged back over the rough ground toward home.



Family Counselor

I AM two months' pregnant with my third child. We have a boy six and a girl four. My husband is a professional man and we have a good standard of living. We built a beautiful new home in a beautiful section of our city and moved in recently.

Most women would feel they had everything if they were in my position. There is something missing and I can't put my finger on it. For the first time I have felt nauseated with this baby and I have spent much of the time in bed the last three weeks. My housework has suffered terribly.

This is a big house. We have a half acre, too. It's especially hard now to keep up the work because there are no plantings as yet, and the dirt does get tracked in. I have draperies and curtains yet to make. Maybe the job overwhelms me. I confess I don't feel equal to it, but I have to face it and do it. I used to love housework and being a mother. How can I recapture that feeling again? I feel defeated for some strange reason.

We are church people. I teach Sunday school, the first grade. My husband is president of our Sunday-school class. I am giving up the teaching job in two weeks because I feel I can't handle it in my present state of mind.

I wonder if help would be the answer. I try to do everything to save money because my husband is so conservative and watches the pennies. We don't go out very much for this reason, too. He likes money in the bank and we have never had less than \$3,000 in the bank in the nine years we've been married. It takes some of the joy out of living to have such an emphasis on money. Our conservatism has helped us build our lovely home with half of it paid for, but something is missing.

Please tell me what I can do to get back into the scheme of things. I want to be a good wife and mother and have worked hard at it these nine years. Can you explain what is happening to me? Am I losing my mind, or what?

OF COURSE you are not losing your mind. You simply are facing a situation in which you are temporarily emotionally and mentally upset, an experience most people have at some time or other. All of us have our "ups and downs" and when we are "down" it frequently is helpful to share our worries with understanding friends, as well as with our doctor. I am assuming that you are keeping in close contact with your physician during these days so that

he can discover if there is any unusual physical reason for your present feelings.

It is quite possible that you have diagnosed correctly some of the reasons for your present feeling. Your difficulty may have both physical and psychological roots.

I am not one who believes that all problems can be solved by "positive thinking." Nevertheless, there are times in which it is helpful to "count one's blessings," if one can do so without feeling guilty because of lack of appreciation for them. As you yourself suggest you have much for which to be thankful, a husband who loves his family, a nice home, money in the bank, and two lovely children. You have much to give to the new baby and perhaps this realization may in time make you more eager for its arrival.

It would seem especially important that you get more help for the cleaning and running of the household. Just having too much to do and the physical weariness that accompanies too much housework, especially if there seems to be no end to it, can lead to periods of emotional upset.

You say that you and your husband seldom go out together. It should be remembered that all work and no play, even for one who loves housework, can make life rather dull and monotonous—it can even take the zest out of living. At any rate, as the third baby comes into the home, it is exceedingly important that provision be made so you will not have to give all of your time to housework. I hope your husband realizes this.

Keep as active as your physical strength permits, as you don't want to spend your time sitting around thinking about yourself. In one sense it is unfortunate that you gave up your church-school class. Go places with the husband and engage in activities that interest you and that challenge your creative impulses. Sometimes—not always—our actions can change our feelings. You may seem to have lost your love for housework, for example, but if you keep at it, without overdoing it, your enjoyment of it may return, especially if you have someone to help you with it. You may not feel like going to class gatherings with your husband, but go anyway, and you may be surprised to find out how much you enjoy them. The worship services at church, your own private prayer life, and the fellowship of loved ones and friends, all will help you through this period.

Donald M. Maynard

The Things a Child Wants

(Continued from page 27)

thankfulness to God and having a share in his work in the world!

Perhaps the family already is tithing, and feels that it is doing its share toward the upkeep of the church. How about trying the allowance system, in which the child is given a reasonable amount per week for lunches, treats, purchases, *and* giving? Would it be better for part of that tithe to go through the hands of the children of the family into the church coffers, so that they become familiar with the needs of the church, the opportunities of spreading the gospel message, and of being a part of a working fellowship? A family planning thus would have the right to expect that a worth-while plan of stewardship in the children's departments would be set up to train the children in having a vital part in the work of the church.

Not too many families tithe, however. A family council may discuss the matter with the children. A more reasonable proportion of giving may be set up, with help in making giving to the church as enjoyable as buying that toy, or having too many ice cream cones or too much candy. There are projects that can be set up within departments that are very attractive to children and give them great satisfaction. Or the family may undertake its own project, if the church fails to do so. One family provides ten dollars a month to support a

Korean orphan. They undertook the project, after the Primary Department of the church school decided that it would be too big a strain on the pocket-books of the fifty children in the department!

Some families let the children earn money by performing chores around the home. One family started this, not just for the children to earn spending money, but to enable them to have *giving* money. In that family, while the children were small, earned money was spent for the fun of giving. There was no question of "tithing" what the children earned by doing chores. The whole amount was given away. They were working for the express purpose of having money to *give*; and they worked when they needed the money. It was an easy transition to giving more than a tithe out of money earned in regular jobs later on.

Certainly, by the time any child has a regular job, he should face with his parents' help the question of regular giving from that money. "Save up for a bicycle!" Surely. But at the same time "save up for something at the church."

It is a lovely, heartwarming experience to give. It satisfies the need to express one's relationship to others. Where love is, there giving is found. As parents, teachers, and church school officers, it is right that we make possible for our children the joyful experience of giving regularly. It is a loving expression of our feeling for him who has given us all that we have.

Chica's Blanket

(Continued from page 21)

love. She wove in black lines with small bars dropping. This was the good rain falling upon the houses. She wove in white, the color of morning, the color of her own childhood. The weaving was beautiful, but Chica was not satisfied.

"I thought I wanted it all dreams," she said. "But here is the desert, the mesa, the whirlwind. I must put some of them in, too."

Grandmother smiled. "I am glad," she said. "If you but dream and do not see where your feet stand, you will have no way to reach the dream."

So Chica wove in a gray sharp angle turned upside down for a whirlwind. She wove in yellow in stairsteps to represent the mesa and the mountains and the sun setting behind them. She wove in diamonds in brown to show that the country in which her family lived was bare waste places of the desert. She wove in red for the hot bright sun of noon.

It was not a big blanket. But even with Grandmother's help it took Chica many weeks to finish it. Then Grandmother showed her how to make the four

strong black tassels for the corners.

"These will tie your life to the four corners of the earth," Grandmother said. "They may help your dreams come true."

Chica looked at the blanket. She fingered its rough beauty.

"What shall I do with it?" she asked.

"Sell it," Grandmother said. "Next year when you make another blanket, your life will have changed. Your dreams will have changed. You will not want this one then. It may even not be so beautiful to you. Sell it now while it is still so lovely, and then it will always be lovely."

Tears stung Chica's eyes; but she let Father take the blanket to sell. When he came home, he brought her a little green plant in a pot. A bud was just getting ready to turn into a blue bloom.

Grandmother held it off and looked at it.

"Oh," she said. "It is a part of your dream come true already."

And Chica, drinking the plant in with her eyes, felt as though all of her dreams were going to come true.

A Dad's Party

(Continued from page 17)

fore passing it on to the third man. The line whose team finishes first wins.

Dad's Sewing Class. Seat the dads on the floor (tailor fashion), in a big circle, and hand to each one a needle (already threaded), a dozen four-hole buttons, and a twelve-inch square of denim, felt, or some other heavy material. At the starting signal each begins sewing buttons on his piece of cloth. The only restriction is that each button must have at least two stitches through each of its four holes. The dad who is first to get all his buttons correctly sewed on wins the prize.

When Dad Dines. From a heavy cord stretched the length of the room, have doughnuts suspended on threads. At the signal GO, the dads (holding their hands behind their backs) each try to eat one of the swaying doughnuts. Some short dads may have to stand on tiptoe to reach theirs; others may have to do some stooping. Either way it will be a lot of fun. The first one to consume an entire doughnut will be the prize winner.

"Now since you mention doughnuts, I'm really interested in food," wailed Tubby. "Do tell me what we will have to eat!"

Many suggestions to this plea were offered; but the final agreement settled on the following June-like refreshments: strawberry shortcake, topped with whipped cream, and coffee, tea, or a fruit punch.

"We'll appoint a committee to choose and obtain the prizes," promised Julie. "But do any of you have any suggestions to offer along this line?"

"Well, for the *Famous Dads* contest," offered Marty, "we could provide a pair of white cotton barbecue gloves as a prize. These would come in handy for many uses."

"For prizes for the fishing contests cans of tuna and salmon would also be agreeable to the winners as prizes, I believe," suggested Roger. "Canned meat would be appropriate, too, as prizes in the hunting contests, I'm sure."

"A feather duster could be a prize for the feather pillowcase contest, and a small sewing kit or basket, the reward for sewing buttons," Mary volunteered.

"Fine!" cheered Tubby. "And as a prize for the *Dads' Dinner* contest, I vote that we give the winner of that a whole dozen big doughnuts that he can eat all by himself. Oh, boy! What a prize!"

The committee meeting adjourned amid much good-natured laughter at Tubby's remarks. Later, however, when Dad's party was carried out, following the committee's recommendations, it proved to be one of the most enjoyable occasions in the memories of the guests present, and especially treasured in the memories of the happy dads.



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Children

A new book for children, by a popular author, is **Jesus, Friend and Helper**, by Elizabeth Allstrom (Abingdon Press, 1957, 48 pages, \$1.50). It contains seven stories about Jesus that are familiar to most children from five to eight years of age. These stories may be read to young children. The type and format make it easy for beginning readers to read the stories for themselves. The four-color and black and white illustrations, by Iris Beatty Johnson, add interest to the book.

Boys and girls in grades four through seven will enjoy **Toppy and the Circuit Rider**, by Barnett Spratt (Abingdon Press, 1957, 128 pages, \$1.75). This story takes place in the mountainous regions of Carolina in the 1790's, and gives intimate pictures of life in the early settlement days. Toppy, left all alone and unwanted when his grandmother dies, goes with the circuit rider, Mr. Dan. He has many exciting adventures, including learning the many things that Mr. Dan teaches him. How he finds that he has a family and how he decides what to do about his future are the climax of all the adventures. Leonard Vosburgh's black and white illustrations add interest and reality to the story.

Beginning readers will identify themselves with Andy when they read **Andy and Mr. Wagner**, by Gina Bell (Abingdon Press, 1957, 32 pages, \$1.25). Andy

always had wanted a dog. He knew all about the dog he wanted, even to his name—Mr. Wagner. But Andy's mother does not share his dream. When a dog begins to follow Andy, he certainly is not the kind of dog that Andy had always wanted. How Andy and his mother change their minds makes a good story. George Wilde's pictures and the format will help beginning readers to enjoy this book.

Boys and girls from seven to twelve years of age who read **Mara of Old Babylon** will enjoy **Mara Journeys Home**, by Elizabeth P. Witheridge (Abingdon Press, 1957, 128 pages, \$2.00). This story begins where the first one left off—with the Hebrews returning to Jerusalem after spending many, many years in exile in Babylon. The hardships of the trip, the excitements, and the happy times as well make an interesting story. There is in it the kind of suspense that children enjoy; and the story has a happy ending. Lucille Wallower has illustrated the story with lovely black and white drawings.

A new book of interest to juniors and their parents is a modern Bible dictionary. **Bible Dictionary for Boys and Girls**, by Manuel and Odette Komroff (The John C. Winston Co., 1957, 84 pages, \$2.95), contains nearly 800 important words, many of them illustrated by Steele Savage, which will help a student to gain a greater understanding of the Bible. The words are explained in simple language, and as much historical background has been given as possible. A feature of this book is the simple pronunciation key; wherever two or more spellings are common, all are given.

For Adults

One way of keeping accurately, quickly, and well-informed is by reading **Public Affairs Pamphlets**, published at 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y. They are brief, 28 pages each, and sell for only 25 cents per single copy. The following are on various topics of interest to adults and parents.

No. 240, **Portrait of Israel—Myth and Reality**, by Hal Lehrman. A foreign correspondent lets us in on the "inside information" about the new state of Israel.

No. 246, **The Enemy Property Issue**, by Oscar Schisgall. Shows what is involved in disposing of the enemy property which we hold from World War II.

No. 250, **What Is Marriage Counseling?** by David R. Mace. Famous British marriage counselor portrays his job as helping make marriage work by guiding people to solve their own problems.

No. 256, **Effects of Radiation and Fallout**, by James F. Crow. Professor of Genetics at the University of Wisconsin discusses aspects of what is perhaps the number one problem for posterity.

No. 257, **A UN Peace Force?** by William R. Frye. The UN correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* discusses the possibilities and effectiveness of a UN sponsored police force.

No. 228, **New Medicines for the Mind**, by Gilbert Cant. Shows the part that new drugs are playing in treating mental illness in our country.



Over the back fence

It Can Happen to You!

At the risk of being accused of "cold-water-throwing" the Back-Fence-Rider brings to the attention of all participants in June weddings (and indeed to all married couples) two realistic problems. They are probably the two problems that involve as much heartache and difficulty as any other two problems faced in the marriage relationship.

1. The Problem of Broken Homes

Although there are several types of broken homes, we think here of those broken by divorce. In 1955, the latest year for which statistics are available, marriages numbered 9.4 per 1000 population, while divorces reached the rate of 2.3 per 1000, very close to one divorce for every four marriages.

Roughly, then, one marriage in every five has a very good chance of ending up in the divorce courts. The tragedy of it all is that there is pretty good evidence that, in the words of the title of a book by Edmund Bergler, *Divorce Won't Help*. There are probably as many problems raised by legal separation battles as are solved.

In addition to the heartaches of divorced husbands and wives, what is the effect of divorce upon children involved? Exact figures are well-nigh impossible to discover; but children of divorce are estimated to number several millions. All authorities are not in agreement as to the effect of divorce upon children, for there are so many different factors involved. It is safe to say that the chances for ill effects upon children of divorced and separated parents are very high.

It is just as important for couples to seek a doctor for a sick marriage as it is for persons to go to

a physician for a sick body. It is encouraging to note that more and more marriage counselors are available for just such sick marriages.

The church has much at stake here and is increasingly applying itself to meeting the needs. Ministers who are alert to their responsibilities in this field will find help in such a book as J. C. Wynn's *Pastoral Ministry to Families*.

So, June brides and grooms, do not be frightened by our statistics, but do face the possibilities and prepare against them in advance.

2. The Problem of Widowhood

Every bride who is the same age as or younger than the groom has a very good chance of outliving her husband by five years or more. The average woman in the United States lives from five to seven years longer than the average man. Each day more than 1,300 wives become widows. How many of them are like Mrs. Dale Carnegie, who thought that "becoming a widow was the sort of thing that only happened to other people. I know that this was my attitude before I lost my husband"? Here again it is important that preparation for such an eventuality is the better part of wisdom.

Two recent books are available that speak to this problem: *Learning to Live as a Widow*, by Marion Langer (published by Julian Messner, 8 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18), and *How to Be a Successful Widow*, by R. Louis Falk (Fleet Pub. Corp., Grand Central Terminal Bldg., N. Y. 17). Both books are priced at \$3.95. The first deals mainly with the psychological aspects of the problem, while the second considers such practical matters as financial and legal phases. Suggest these books for your church or public library.

Here, also, the church can make a vital contribution to the solving of the problem and is indeed becoming more conscious of its responsibility to help.

Young couples should not consider a concern about this problem as morbid or gloomy. It is indeed only a sensible and wise facing of life's realities.

Poetry Page

Blessing

Whoever has a garden path to walk
May count himself among the blessed of earth;
For he is witness to the miracle
That leads from tender stalk to flower-birth.
He will receive the golden gift of sun,
The silver benediction of the rain.
The vespers of the birds are his at dusk.
Dawn winds will sing for him their clear refrain.
He will find hope in every bursting bud,
In every sturdy shoot that springs from sod.
Oh, blessed is he! For if he walks in faith,
His garden path can be a path to God!

—Marie Daerr

Peace Through Prayer

"No time for prayer," we toss defiantly.
A nervous glance and harrowed look betray
An inner weakness which, too, could display
A lack of peace that makes for clarity.
Spiritual sight and inward joy should be
A part of living, practiced every day.
To get a vision of God's splendor may
Help us to understand Gethsemane.

Take time for prayer. If Jesus came to us,
Offering to talk awhile, we'd drop our task,
Invite him in and serve refreshment cool.
Let us take time to go to him; discuss
With him our problems, pause, then of him ask
His guidance to uphold his sacred rule.

—Mabelle B. McGuire

WILBUR



"How much help have I been today, Mom—in nickels and dimes?"

Summer World

I walk through grass up to my knees,
And all around are honey bees,
And yellow butterflies in flight,
Their wings lit by a mellow light.
With sweetness from the pink, wild rose
These meadow moments now disclose
Their summer secrets to me here.
How much of loveliness is near,
A golden, summer world to share
With God who put its beauties there!

—Louise Darcy

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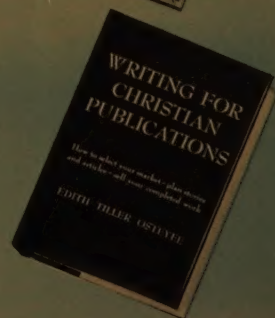
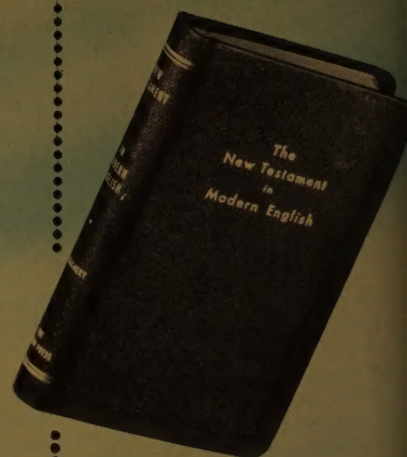
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